cheri

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AUGUST $1.95

CHERRY BREAKING ISSUE #1

Finally! A National Sex News Magazine:
The American Sex Trip In All Its Raunchy Reality--

Dirty Tricks, '76
Call Girls & The Presidential Campaign

The Search for Linda Lovesuck:
Our Outrageous $1000 Throat Contest

Beauty Queen in Heavy Bondage

Jody Maxwell's Kansas City

Deep Fist:
Annie Sprinkle Tries It

The L.A. STAR: Group-Groping Journalism

Really Raw Hollywood Gossip

Tongue-Sex at $1 a Throw on Broadway

Swinger News ☐ Personal Ad Reviews
Kim Pope's Sex Life
Ten Pages of X-Rated Comix
Podiatrist's Perversions
Sheep

A CLASS ACT

Honey Midnite, the dainty morsel herewith pictured, is a Class Act. For one dollar American, you can eat her out on-stage during her strip act. Some people might consider this the epitome of Grossness. Not CHERI. Honey Midnite, despite an incredible past, digs Life, Love and Fun. She has balls. She has good friends. She's for real. Just like CHERI. We're a Class Act, too, even though we're maybe not as slick as the established rags. But we're *real*—and *all* true. You'll find shit on our pages you'll never see *anywhere else* in the world.
Join CHERI. Join Honey.
And Kim and Jody
and all Our Gang.
Cum with us.
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today!

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OUR GANG

CHERI editor Peter Wolff and 909/44 100% pure friend

Chickie, America . . . here comes CHERI! A star-spangled, Yankee-doodling dingdong of a magazine! A blockbuster. A mindbender. A motherfucker of a book! Bid fond farewell to commercialized cuntmongering. We're a free-swinging, free-thinking family, a larynx for the morals revolution, an arsenal for all liberationist movements.

This is the first national all-color all-sex newspaper in a magazine format. A free-form theatre in which performers and readers join dreams, demands, fantasies, histories, indignations, curiosities and ecstasies. CHERI is a guerilla action, an undercutting of exploitation and fraudulence—as well as a glorious affirmation of liberty, community, and sensuality!

We're out to shatter all the old sexual formulas. You won't find traditional bullshit "girlie copy" here ("Lucy Sue sucks socks. She prefers them hard and thick. . . .")—but you *will* find real-life interviews with our models. And you won't find "classy" coffee-table reading, like faked sex instruction or bogus exposes ("Who Assfucked Whom On The Mall At Dallas", "How To Have A Tibetan Ejaculation", "Six Drinks To Help You Look Wealthy"). Instead, you *will* find Vickie Halperin's eloquent profile of deaf-mute stripper Honey Midnite, Diana Clapton's four-suck salute to the pioneering *Star* family (accompanied by Ric Dante's red-hot pix), and taped raps with such actual-factual people as movie star Annie Sprinkle, dancer Jinny Neinfordte-Love (with chain-type photos by concept artist Rod Swenson), and the gorgeous Lady S., a moonlighting sex therapist.

Then there are our columnists. Telly Tall, the Tinseltown tattletale, is, behind the obvious pseudonym, one of the VIPs of Hollywood gossip. Jody Maxwell and Kim Pope are, of course, very real—and they'll be doing much more than lending their names to ghost-written sex advice columns. Jody, operatic oralist, journalism student, and former Young Republican committeewoman, will be covering the Bible Belt for us—as well as the up-coming presidential conventions. Kim is going undercover to infiltrate the kinkiest cliques she can find. Both research and write their own pieces.

Maureen Murphy, outrageous, out raging ex-*Star*nik co-founder of *Love*, and now a *Sun* regular will be covering "the situations (bizarre yet universal) of a 20th Century female trying to cope with and comprehend the goings on around her. It'll be a mixture of 'Mary Hartman' and 'Miss Jones.'" Terry Kolb (an "S"), Roseanne (an "M"), and Audrey Andrews (a swapper) are all well-known faces in "certain" circles.

Comics are another CHERI trademark. For starters, we've got Peter Bramley ("Vinnie Shinblind") ex-porno superstar and Lampoonist; Russ Heath ("Tuck It In"), one of Annie Fanny's daddies; and young Marshall Rogers ("Dick & Dianne").

Like the *Star* family, whom we love and admire, the staff of CHERI is a rollicking and close-knit group. Herb, Derek, Diane, Nick, Karen, Harry, Jack, Mandy spread their hormones around with every stroke of the brush or tap on the typewriter. Me, I've put out zillions of men's magazines: *Rogue, Topper, Bachelor, Ace, Follies, Frolic, Gala, Tab, Vue, Jaggar, Duke, Stud, Escapade, Daily Girl, Caper, Gallery, Blow/Up, Brut* and *High Society*, among them. I'm fucking tired of following other peoples' formulas. I'm sick of producing mindless, sexless, sexist shit. CHERI has what you've told me you want. Not what Burger wants. Not what Ford wants. Not what the slick, hip, cool big-money cats want.

It's our magazine. Yours, mine, Jody's, Honey's, Kim's. Roseanne's and Terry's. Annie's and Jinny's. All of ours. And it's going to happen BIG.

See you next month.

PETER WOLFF

Aesthete art director Herb Jonas

Editor Derek Atkins

Mistress Roseanne (Reiner Gross)

Swinger-in-residence Audrey Andrews

Art man Nick Mayleas

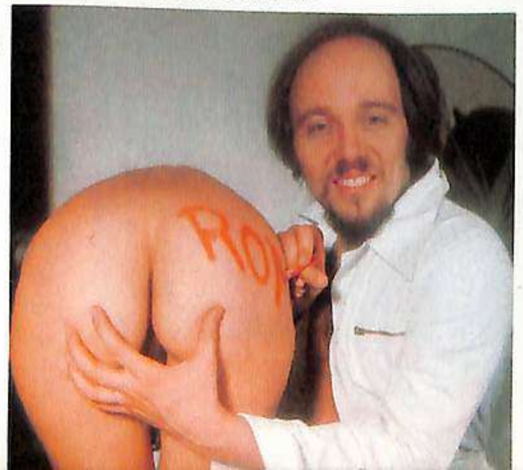
Papa Natur: Rene Moncada

Writer Victoria Halperin (Jim Smith)

Michael Okamoto, artist ("$1000 Blowjob")

Maso crusader Terry Kolb (Jackson)

Comicist Marshall Rogers



Concept artist Rod Swenson

Maureen Murphy (Joe Juliano)

Ric Dante (bottom row, second from left) and the Star family.

The always gorgeous Kim Pope (left) and glamourous Jody Maxwell (below)

Annie Sprinkle as seen by the *Lampoon* (Peter Kleinman)

AMERIcheri

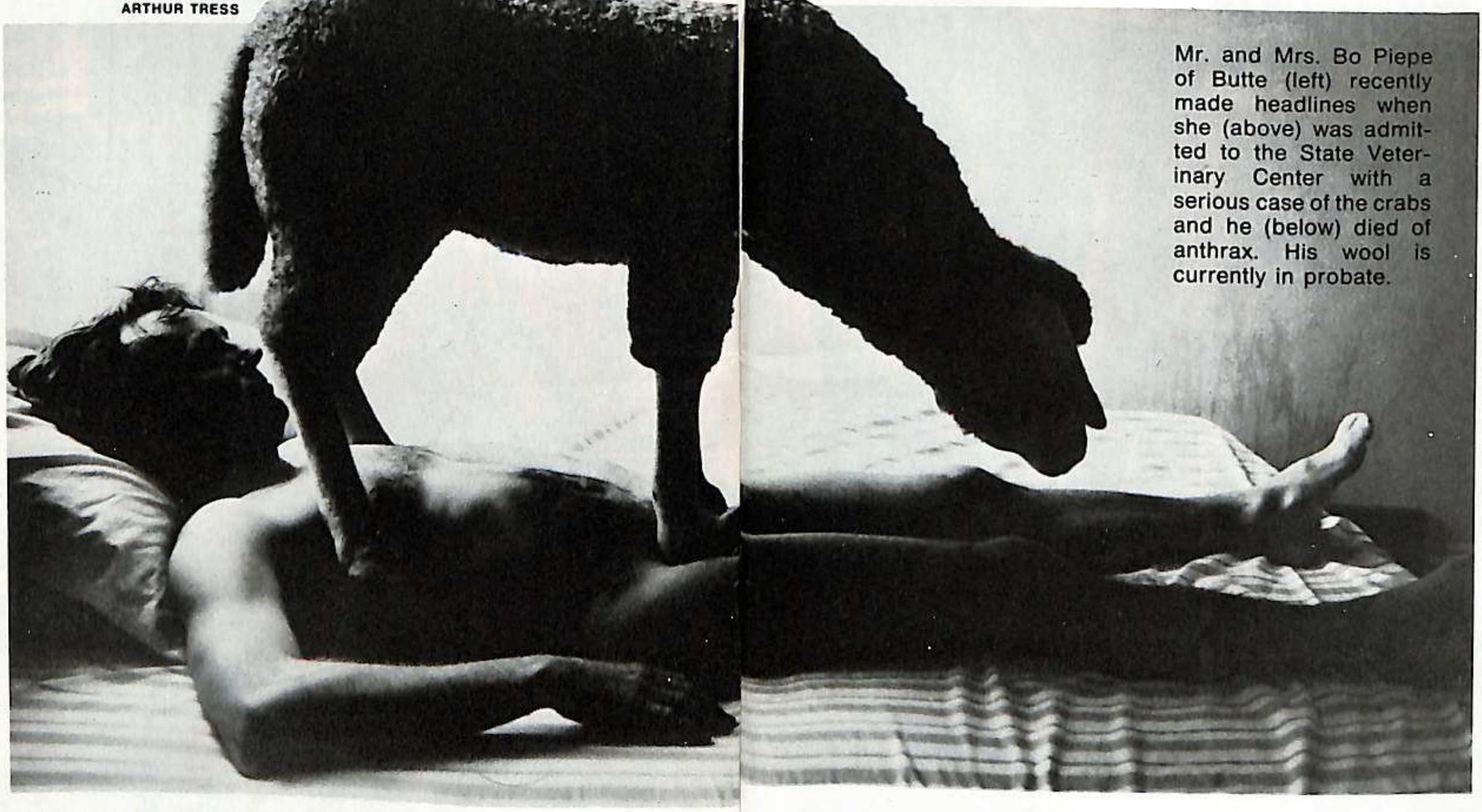
THE HEAD THAT GIVES SAME

Score another one for unisex lib. At Aufbau U. in Roone, S. Dak., students voted to begin calling bathrooms "janes" instead of "johns." In the words of the Prophet: "Piss on 'em all!" Can heads give head?

PAT FLINT

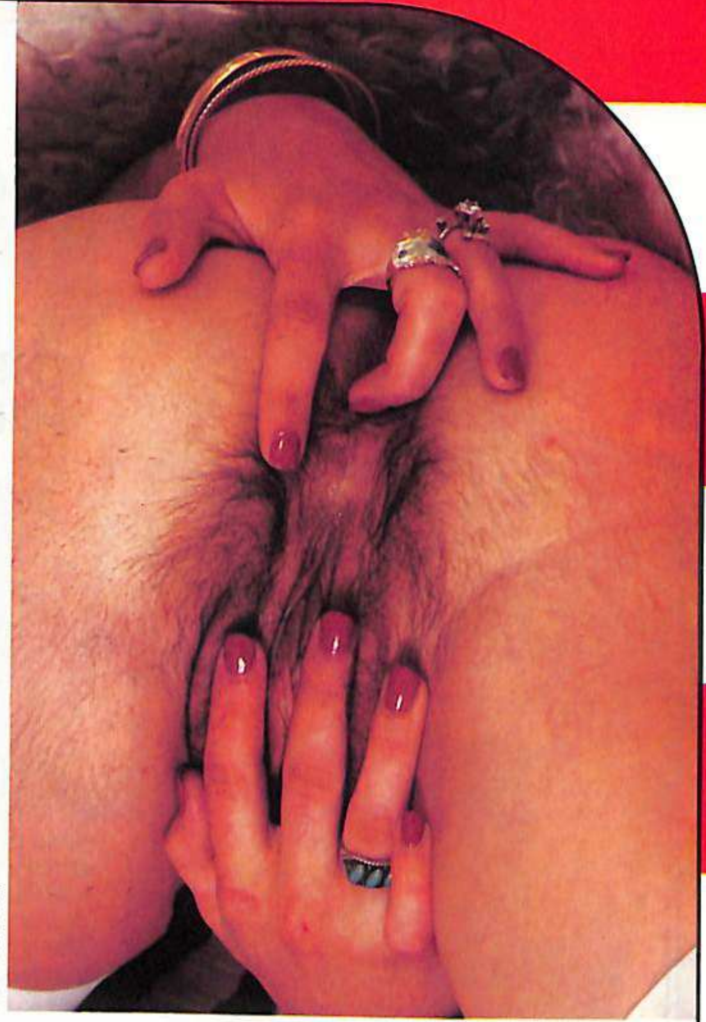
ARTHUR TRESS

LOVE, MONTANA-STYLE



Mr. and Mrs. Bo Piepe of Butte (left) recently made headlines when she (above) was admitted to the State Veterinary Center with a serious case of the crabs and he (below) died of anthrax. His wool is currently in probate.

MARTIN ELLER



FARRY LLYNT: A CANDID PORTRAIT

GREAT AMERICAN TITS: PART 1

They belong to a girl named Cathy and were on display at The Badger, a bar in St. Louis, Minnesota. Cathy is one of the ladies of Models, Unlimited, a bareskin agency which supplies dancers all through the Midwest. Anyhow, each month, AmeriCHERI will feature a topless dancer or stripper from our national Heartland. Our readers are invited to submit names of girls and locations of bars for this feature.

JUDITH CHERRY

AMERIcheri

THE SYMBIONESE SCRUNCH-PUNCH or A DOZEN WAYS TO BOOGEY IN A 5'x2' CLOSET

Once upon a time there was this here heiress from San Francisco who got snatched from her little sphere of sugar-plum realities into the phantasmagorical world of leftwing politics. This dainty flower of the privileged class, it is said, suffered a great many indignities at the hands of of her fuck-you-Society captors, not the least of which, she alleged, was repeated, nonconsensual violation in a cramped closet no larger than 5'x2' at base. Herself's claim left a lot of courtroom rubberneckers mighty skeptical and so, as a public service, and in the interest of Truth, Justice, and the American Way, AmeriCHERI has decided to put her claims to the test. How many ways can a heiress be raped in a clothes closet by a gun-toting revolutionary? Twelve, says our report. These include such improbable couplings as: the Symbionese Sitting Suck (figure A), the Cinquenilingus Erectus (figure B), the Puri-Tania Pretzel (figure D), and the Skewered Millionaire Piglet (figure E), known as "Pate Pig Kabob."

PETER HURD

AMERIcheri

THE LOVE LIFE OF A PERVERTED PODIATRIST

Now that the pit-fucking fad has run its course, America's fetish vanguard is turning its attention from underarms to toesies, pointing to one recent personals ad seeking "Female, 6-74, experienced in I/C or D/T, wanted by Foot-ball Freak for fun and games. Bring Desitin and Vaseline." I/C means "coitus interpedalis"; D/T stands for "Deep Toe". Dr. Freud meet Dr. Scholl!

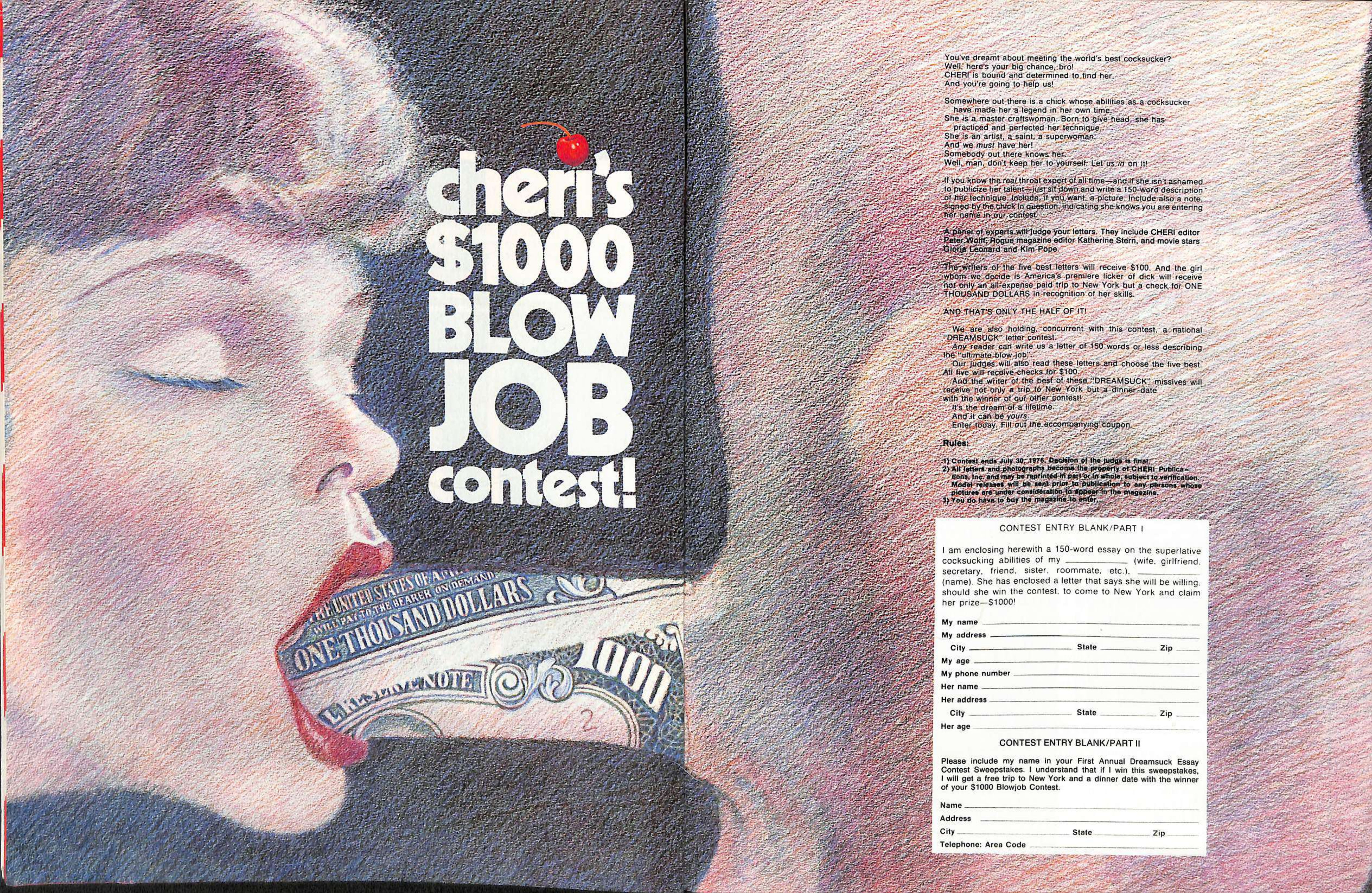
Q: IS THERE SUCH A THING AS TOO MUCH SEX?

A: In the case of Pollyjane Gloworm of Ouibache Falls, Maine . . . yes.

MARTIN ELLER

PETER HURD

cheri's $1000 BLOW JOB contest!



THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
WILL PAY TO THE BEARER ON DEMAND
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS
FEDERAL RESERVE NOTE
1000
2

You've dreamt about meeting the world's best cocksucker?
Well, here's your big chance, bro!
CHERI is bound and determined to find her.
And you're going to help us!

Somewhere out there is a chick whose abilities as a cocksucker have made her a legend in her own time.
She is a master craftswoman. Born to give head, she has practiced and perfected her technique.
She is an artist, a saint, a superwoman.
And we *must* have her!
Somebody out there knows her.
Well, man, don't keep her to yourself. Let us *in* on it!

If you know the *real* throat expert of all time—and if she isn't ashamed to publicize her talent—just sit down and write a 150-word description of her technique. Include, if you want, a picture. Include also a note, signed by the chick in question, indicating she knows you are entering her name in our contest.

A panel of experts will judge your letters. They include CHERI editor Peter Wolff, Rogue magazine editor Katherine Stern, and movie stars Gloria Leonard and Kim Pope.

The writers of the five best letters will receive $100. And the girl whom we decide is America's premiere licker of dick will receive not only an all-expense paid trip to New York but a check for ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in recognition of her skills.

AND THAT'S ONLY THE HALF OF IT!

We are also holding, concurrent with this contest, a national "DREAMSUCK" letter contest.

Any reader can write us a letter of 150 words or less describing the "ultimate blow job".

Our judges will also read these letters and choose the five best. All five will receive checks for $100.

And the writer of the best of these "DREAMSUCK" missives will receive not only a trip to New York but a dinner-date with the winner of our other contest!

It's the dream of a lifetime.

And it can be *yours*.

Enter today. Fill out the accompanying coupon.

Rules:

1) Contest ends July 30, 1976. Decision of the judge is final.
2) All letters and photographs become the property of CHERI Publications, Inc. and may be reprinted in part or in whole, subject to verification. Model releases will be sent prior to publication to any persons whose pictures are under consideration to appear in the magazine.
3) You do have to buy the magazine to enter.

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK/PART I

I am enclosing herewith a 150-word essay on the superlative cocksucking abilities of my ____________ (wife, girlfriend, secretary, friend, sister, roommate, etc.), ____________ (name). She has enclosed a letter that says she will be willing, should she win the contest, to come to New York and claim her prize—$1000!

My name ____________
My address ____________
City ____________ **State** ____________ **Zip** ______
My age ____________
My phone number ____________
Her name ____________
Her address ____________
City ____________ **State** ____________ **Zip** ______
Her age ____________

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK/PART II

Please include my name in your First Annual Dreamsuck Essay Contest Sweepstakes. I understand that if I win this sweepstakes, I will get a free trip to New York and a dinner date with the winner of your $1000 Blowjob Contest.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ **State** ____________ **Zip** ______
Telephone: Area Code ____________

NO NAMES PLEASE

RATED X

By TELLY TALL

THE COOKIE WITH THE CAVERNOUS CLAM

She's one of Hollywood's newest and sexiest sirens. She came out of nowhere in the last couple of years to become one of the most important actresses on the back lots. Stacked and stunning, she was in the right place at the right time and got a big, big role. On screen, she played a *very* sexy role. Off screen, she led a life akin to a nymphomaniac. But our Lady Luscious had one big problem. One *enormous* problem. That problem was her cunt. Ms. X.'s snatch was so spacious C.W. McCall could have led a whole convoy of semis through it and she'd never have noticed. Nevertheless, Ms. X used to run around and try to buy some time with everyone of any importance in Hollywood by sticking out her big tits and thrusting her hairy clam at them. The come-on-come-in worked at first, but once Screenland studs found out they were crawling into something comparable to the Grand Canyon in acreage, the relationship would go from fizzle to sizzle. The poor kid was rapidly getting a rep as the nicest—and BIGGEST—cunt in Gollywood! It was at that point she decided to have what is, in some circles, called a "cunt lift". She flew to Brazil to consult with one of those hotshot plastic surgeons who specializes in puffing up tits, smoothing out faces, and shaping up tails—all for a small fortune. Dr. Z also charges Fort Knox fees to put a tuck in your fucker. Which is what he did for Our Heroine. After countless stitches, two hours of snipping, and two weeks of healing, Ms. X had a honeypot that was vaguely approximately normal size.

Convinced that she was sexually acceptable again, she then set out to re-fuck everyone she'd ever screwed in Hollywood. She had to really chase some of the locals, but once she'd sacked and sucked them all again, she was up for another Award: All-time Hollywood Super-Fuck. One filmland mogul, noted for his wry turn of phrase, told me, "I can't believe the difference between her old cunt and her new one. The old one was like jumping out of a plane and not having your parachute open. It was just endless nothingness.

(Continued on page 30)

THE MEAT-BEATING MOTHER LOVER

He's a superstar in every sense of the word—and, in the inner sanctum of Tinseltown, he's known as the stud with "the hard of gold." When it comes to sexual endurance, he is reputed to have few peers. Just about every gorgeous piece of ass in Movieland has been between the sheets with him at least once. Yet, Our Hero has a little-known hang-up. It seems there are times when he can have more fun on his own than dallying with a partner. Our superstar-

(Continued on page 30)

PREVIEWS OF CUMMING ATTRACTIONS

. . . What TV talk show host gets off eating human shit . . . and How one of your favorite television series stars indulges in sexual frenzy while he's wearing his wife's best dresses—and fucking some of her best boy friends! . . . Till then—do the best you can without me. . . .

BEAVE
TRUCKING CORP

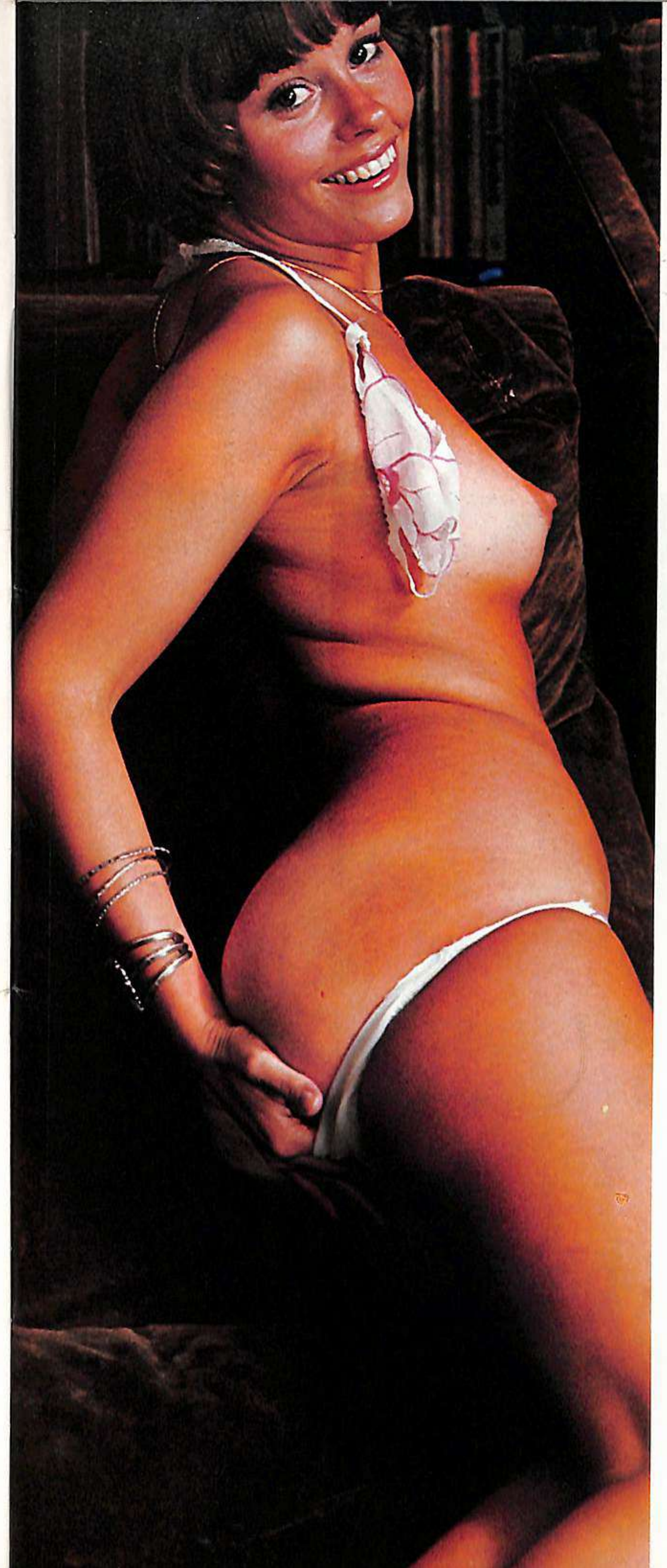
MARSHALL ROGERS

THE ORGASM SCHOLAR

INTERVIEW BY PETER WOLFF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERTO MORRISON

"I SEE MASTURBATION AS A FORM OF MEDITATION. YOU MUST LEARN TO FOCUS ON YOUR CLIT."



MEET AMERICA'S CUTEST OPONENT OF PUD-POUNDING AS A POLITICAL ACT

Seeing's how it's the avowed policy of this magazine to give you the actual-factual skinny about our pictures and people, the surrounding set here presents something of a problem.

You are not going to believe the trip our friend S. is on!

We call her S. because she's a normally-functioning functionary in one of those familiar glamor-girl professions which frown on sexual excesses by employees. (Sexual excesses being defined as anything more than one man, one bed, and darkness.)

Fortunately, S's libido is undeterrable and her roots grow deep in the California mulch, where dingy isms accompany every bodily function.

Her 'thing' is teaching her girlfriends how to jack off!

It's all done in a serious, almost-revolutionary milieu. The beat-your-meat-into-self-awareness shtick is a feminist spin-off that should be taken dead-seriously, being a blend of Reichian therapy, radical hedonism, and sexual politics.

"Roberto (Morrison) says I should tell you I'm a sex therapist," chortled S., over the horn from the Bay, where pud-pounding punditry has an army of devotees, marshalled by the likes of Lonnie Garfield, Margo St. James, and Betty Dodson.

"I LOVE MY OWN BODY. I LOVE ALL WOMEN'S BODIES."

"Look, a lot of contemporary women need help reaching an orgasm. I love my own body. I love all women's bodies. I really like women, in general. Because of my own liberation, I find I can free them from mental blocks about climaxing. By example, I show them what to do, how to relax.

"Orgasm is a form of meditation. Instead of focussing on some form of godhead, you concentrate on your clitoris. . . ."

Only in Califoirnia would you find an ideology for getting your rocks off. And only in California, would you find a "girl-next-door-type" to teach it to you!

help women relax and teach them how to tune in to their physical plant.

"The female body has such a fine texture and softness and even coloring. Such a fine, aesthetic curve. There are nice male bodies, but nothing like women!"

"Actually, I've been studying massage for three years. I'm a professional at it. All my clients come recommended by friends, and I charge $10-$12 an hour. I'm heavily into shiatsu massage and into breathing exercises and body therapy. I find I can

JERKING OFF IS A MEANS OF SOMAL LIBERATION. WHICH IS WHY S. TAKES IT SO SERIOUSLY.

WHEN YOU HAVE LEARNED HOW TO COME, THE PRYING EYE OF A LENS OFFERS NO INTRUSION.

S's session with Roberto Morrison was her first real sortie into glamour modeling. "I was modeling for students at the Art Institute and I loved it. They were so cute and shy. I had to encourage them and suggest poses. I dug it so much, I decided to work with a pro like Roberto."

Morrison says she's a sensational natural. "The eye of a lens can't intrude into her world of pleasure. Her concentration on orgasm is incredible! She is what we all should be!" ●

I, KIM POPE

By KIM POPE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

"There I am, with a sore pussy, chapped lips, stale make-up and cum all over me . . . and my husband wants sex!"

Movie actress, director and producer, gorgeous Kim Pope is an articulate spokesperson for the whole prurience liberation movement. You saw her in Deep Sleep, will see her soon in her latest, Fan Bordello Baby. Ms. Pope now divides her time between Europe and the States and welcomes letters mailed to her here at CHERI.

Who am I?

I am Kim Pope. Woman. Wife. Actress. Human Being. Porn Star. I make X-rated movies but I am not a Pan-o-vision cunt. People consistently ask me whether I get turned on making a movie—or if it's just a job. I suppose that's part of the whole fantasy but it's just a small layer of the reality. When I first started acting in films, I wasn't exactly a virgin—but I could still count the men I had been with in one hand. I have never been very shy, so even that first experience before the cameras didn't make me uptight or nervous. In fact, I was so excited about making my first picture that I didn't even think about the sex. That was eight years ago—when they only showed simulated sex with lots of kissing and moaning and wiggling around to show how hot you were.

The fact is, however, that much of the time it's *not* like being at an orgy. Everyone who's on that set has a job to do and, given the limited shooting schedules the typical low-budget Xie has, nobody has the time to just sit around and enjoy the show. It is usually considered proper "etiquette" to close the set during the sex scenes. This means that only the actors involved, cameraman and his assistant, sound engineer and director should be on the set. This is especially critical on a hard-core film—since the male performers are under heavy pressure to get it up on cue and every extra rubbernecker only makes it tougher. The audience wants to see those—since it demands hard cocks, not flaccid ones.

Sometimes, after a long, hard day (I've worked twenty hours a day on many films), the idea of going home and fucking is enough to make me get down and chew the rug. I mean, there I am with a sore pussy, chapped lips, stale make-up and cum all over me. All I want to do is take a nice hot bath and go to sleep. But, on the other hand, if I've only worked half a day and the guy was nice and the scene was romantic enough for me to identify with, I'm very romantic. . . . And after that nice hot bath I might just feel like a bit of rehearsing on my own time! My husband is very good at judging my moods, and, if I don't look tired and he sees that come-hither look in my eyes, well, I usually get a lovely, romantic supper and some fine lovin' for dessert.

I don't think I've become jaded at all. If I'm in a kinky mood, I can still have fun trying something different. That's right folks, like most healthy adults, Kim Pope enjoys dressing up in something "sexy" and acting out little fantasies. I've tried almost everything you can think of but circus-type activities, like group sex, have little appeal for me. As a matter of fact, I don't take any drugs except occasionally some mild diet pills (if I start to gain weight or if I have to stay up for several days and work.) I don't smoke cigarettes either—you can't have a fun sex life if your body isn't in good health. A little wine is lovely.

I must say that I'm glad that I've tried all the things I have because now I know just what I like and what I dislike. I don't have any nagging curiosities or unfulfilled fantasies, so sex is not a preoccupation with me. There's a time and place for it in my life. It's great—but there are plenty of other games worth playing, too.

But animals?

I love animals and have lots of them. I kiss their noses and scratch them behind their ears and rub their bellies—but that's it! The idea simply doesn't appeal to me at all. I don't like to go around telling people they are sick but think of it this way: an animal isn't really a consenting adult, is it? I feel they should be protected just like children. My advice is to leave poochie alone and

(Continued on page 56)

THE SLAVE TRADE

Well, here I am in sunny California in the rain. They'd been having a drought until I got here. And, as if that wasn't enough, some psychic is predicting snow for the first time in Southern California. Snow is bad enough, eh? But *then* we're supposed to get an earthquake and a tidal wave. I know I'm an M, but this is ridiculous.

I came to L.A. to beat the winter and to meet new people from the S/M world. The New York crowd had been turning into "a small incestuous group," as one friend put it. When everybody has had at least one scene with everybody else, it's time to move on.

Just before I came, an L.A. branch of Eulenspiegel had been formed. By the time I got here, it had disbanded "because there are so many S/M related activities in L.A. already," I have been told.

By next month, I plan to have a full report on the S/M world of L.A. That should be exciting. I'm looking forward to all those new discoveries. One thing about L.A. as opposed to New York is its idealism. This is the land of the cult. Any idea to save the world, to bring heaven on earth, has its adherents here. I like that. I am idealistic. I would like to create the "best of all possible worlds." At least, it's nice trying. Even an unsuccessful attempt ends up teaching you a lot about human nature.

In a recent issue of *Brut* magazine, *Cheri* editor Peter Wolff balefully predicted a world of egalitarian humanism where everyone knows that sex is good and everyone is on the same side. Universal love reigns and warfare ceases. What is wrong with this ideal is that, if it were that simple, we would have it already! It's so obviously good that there must be an awfully good reason why we have the opposite.

Marxists blame the economic structure for the negative aspects of human behavior. Liberals blame the cultural institutions of the past. Conservatives blame human nature. Fascists don't blame anything. They embrace disharmony and glamourize it.

Terry Kolb is a widely-published writer and a practicing masochist. She is a founder of the New York Eulenspiegel Society (dedicated to masochist liberation) and currently resides in California. She welcomes all mail, c/o CHERI.

Photo by James E. Jackson

> "Indignant liberals accuse us sadomasochists of being 'anti-hedonistic!'"

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

By TERRY KOLB

Can life be made more rational; more harmoneous and loving? If so, how? The Marxists put all their eggs in one basket—Revolution. It's hard to evaluate their claims because they have not yet had a successful revolution. They have had revolutions, yes. But something has always gone wrong. Maybe they have the answer. As B.F. Skinner would say, "That's an experimental question," and the data is insufficient to date.

Liberalism's answer is more easily available to investigation. Liberals are constantly working on their solution. Their solution involves day to day change. "Find new ways of dealing with old situations," say the liberals, "don't compete, cooperate. Don't play games. Be honest and open." Many courageous experiments have been made by liberals: encounter, open marriage, woman's liberation, gay liberation, communes, acid, etc. Serious people *really* striving to open their minds up to new ways of relating to their humanity. How successful have they been? Well, the more honest and open-minded have learned how unexpectedly difficult it is to achieve their human goals.

As Peter Wolff says, the difficulties often take the form of a stubborn resistance to the achievement of what he calls "sexual do-goodism" *and* a lot of guilt is produced in the process.

This phenomenon of *guilt* is curiously paradoxical. One of the original boogymen of liberalism is guilt. "Get rid of guilt," so runs the dogma, "and you will get rid of human suffering." But the very absolutism of liberalism's goals can be highly gult producing in itself.

Whereas in oldfashioned morality, flesh was evil and the spirit was good, in the new morality, flesh has been substituted by hate and the spirit has been substituted by love. A more human, rational dichotomy. But,

(Continued on page 72)

DIVINE DECADENCE

Oh, woe is me. Already it's February and the shit is hitting the fan. I've run out of gas three times, had two flats (tires, that is!), caught the clap, side-swiped a fence, fell in, and out and back into love. This is the year of the dragon? The long awaited for bicentennial? The only patriotism I've observed reveals itself through bicentennial toilet seats, bi-centennial bottles, bi-centennial vans, bi-centennial key chains, bi-centennial absurdity everywhere! I'm sick of it already, and it's only February!

If we're only 200 years old, lord knows what bizarre events Fate has in store for this mighty, fighty nation. I know one thing, for sure, it's happening in L.A. exactly; WHAT is happening, I can't say, but it's elusive.

Hollywood, being the "City of Dreams," with all its fame and glory, star-studded sidewalks, creates, motivates and even sometiomes stagnates. But the balance IS there.

It's magic. Migrators cum here from everywhere, and if you have balls, if you stay in the ring and fight—it all cums. Like a hand coming out of a cloud, holding a cup full of opportunities. And on the cup is a sign saying, "Here sucker, you've paid your dues, sung your blues—HERE, take it." And we grab it and run. The game has only just begun. Divine Decadence. From Rome, to Atlantis, to New York, to L.A. My god. The times are changing, but even after all the changes, everything pretty much stays the same. The Beat goes on and on. Kind of like dodge ball. . . .

Speaking of Balls—The Lewd League is alive and living in Hollyweird. Tuesday nites are not the same. It consists of about 30 people. 30 outrageous, fun loving lude freaks. We all have white T-shirts with Lewd League on the front, and on the back our individual slang gag, i.e., Acme Rocket Co.; Reel to Real; Golden Rod; Lucy McEvil; Closed for the Holidays, etc. etc.

By MAUREEN MURPHY

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Maureen Murphy is an editor, writer, model, and revolutionary sexual crusader for the L.A. Star, Finger, and the ill-fated Love. You may correspond with her through the offices of CHERI.

photograph by RIC DANTE

> "The Lewd League is aliving and living in Hollyweird. . . ."

This has got to be the best thing that has ever happened to Tuesdays since they took the "Land of the Giants" off the air. The Lewd League could (and should) pre-empt Bowling for Dollars any day. Lewd League, I love you. Maybe we could start a new movement—Bowling for piece(s)! Well, on second thought, maybe not. It would depend on whose team you're on, or whose team is on YOU! In any case, form a league of your own. It's a great barrier breaker. Good clean, lewd fun.

SATURDAY NIGHT

Wouldn't you know it? The first time I have a Saturday night all to myself, it gets all fucked up. It began with shedding my clothes and letting my body breathe again. I turned on the hot and cold water to fill my tub and generously poured two capfuls (instead of just one) of Ladies Luxury Milk Bath, and silently slipped into the hot bubbly sea of silk.

I continued to let the cool pool fill to the rim. Realizing I could hear the stereo much clearer if I was to turn off the mini-waterfall, I twisted the hot off. But when I twisted the cold, it continued to flow.

Figuring I was just really high, and I shouldn't panic, I mustered all of my strength and twisted that fucking chrome piece of shit. No go. It started getting cold so I just said fuck it, got on my robe, wishing my roommates were home, and proceeded to summon my landlord.

Chivalry is not dead. Or is it? He arrived immediately, and the task only took him 15 minutes. I was soon anxious to start my bath anew.

Then he walks on over to the couch, plops himself down and continues to bullshit. He questioned me about porn, and of course if I knew of any "Babes" who could satisfy a married man. "Oh fuck," I thought. What nerve. Can't a woman seek help without some horney toad trying to jump on her? He triggered my sinister mind, and I began fantasizing different ways to teach this macho

(Continued on page 71)

KANSAS CITY STARK

By Jody Maxwell

Everything's up to date in Kansas City, but nobody ever believes that. Listen, if it wasn't, how could it produce me? I didn't get this bad all alone. Say what you will about corn-fed karma, this city has more swingers' clubs, key clubs, swap clubs, singles' lounges and just plain pick-up possibilities than even you could want. Friends of mine have told me that swinging sex seems much more popular here than in New York, not to mention less polluted. In my opinion, of which I have many, this is due to an internal revolution against the repression of life forces here in the Bible Belt.

Scout's honor, every time I come home from some corrupt and decadent city, like the ones where I make my films, I'm just thrilled to see how almost *everybody* you'd think would be getting their kicks playing Pillar of the Community is *instead* organizing a crazy party for just hundreds of his kinkiest pals. It goes without saying that a multi-media artist such as myself is invited everywhere. Take this case—in which one of my ex-lovers, of which I have many, asked me to a formal dinner dance which he claimed was sponsored by no less than the Chamber of Commerce. I should have gotten the real drift when he let slip that it was being held in one of the jazzy new motels out towards the suburbs. . . .

Wow, what a spread! Everybody was dressed to the tits—there's a lot of bucks in KC, and when they got it, they flaunt it—and I knew it was gonna be a fun night. Although probably straight. I saw some very prominent attorneys I recognized and a big manufacturer who was an old favorite, and some other civic-minded types. The band was playing some shmaltzy mood music as we strolled to our table, where some chick promptly pinned a huge orchid over my boob. Then she gave me a whole bunch of little party gifts. I felt like "Queen For A Day."

As John filled out our name tags, I noticed they had funny numbers in the corner—and the numbers didn't match. "Probably just a drawing for a door prize," he said slyly. I always take men at their word. The only thing was, the moment I put mine on, a dozen guys raced over to take a gander at my number.

I looked around the room. The beautiful, huge swimming pool in the center, surrounded by gorgeous plants and reflected off the glass roof above us, made me feel as if I were waltzing in a crystal ballroom. Was I really brought here for immoral purposes? "Listen, did the Chamber of Commerce really throw this thing?" I whined. "Wellll . . . part of it," he said with another mysterious smile. What this turned out to mean was that most of the people here probably had been on it sometime, or could be, and that I'd been fooled again. I was in fact now part of the most extravagant swingers' party in the history of the city.

The room was full of fabulous people, about 800 of them, a luau buffet and a fat color TV set. You are supposed to match your number—and everything else—to your partner's to be eligible for the drawing. You guessed it—out of all these beauties, the one creep there belonged to me. Even worse, he'd seen my inspired performance in *SCREW On Screen* and was aching for an encore. One dance and I dumped him in the potted palms.

The evening wandered on as we dug into the roast pig and ribs and waited for something hot to happen. I was so curious that I decided to pace my drinking, for fear of missing something. The most fascinating people—doctors, architects, pilots, a husband-and-wife journalist team and one rich oil couple who'd flown up from Oklahoma—came up and introduced themselves. The band launched into some wild numbers, and the dancing gave the room a fierce energy. Finally, around midnight, three people stripped off their clothes and jumped *(Continued on page 75)*

Jody Maxwell is a serious actress and journalism student who first came to fame as the world's singular singing cocksucker in SCREW on Screen. She is extremely talented and opinionated—and steeped in the Bible Belt ethos and will respond to letters addressed to her here. She lives and works in Kansas City, Missouri and will be covering the sex scene there. She'd like to hear from locals and neighbors who can turn her on to local activities she could cover for CHERI.

"They got some crazy little women here—and we swing!"

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

By Mistress Roseanne

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

"Sadomasochism is actually a game of escape. . . ."

The doorbell rings and a voice comes over the intercom, a male voice saying, "It is I, 'Mistress,' your devoted slave." As he enters the apartment there is an embrace between him and the young woman who lives there. The embrace is one of two friends as well as one of lovers. They sit and chat, exchanging stories of events and, as they laugh and enjoy one another's company, the woman's soft attitude begins to change to one of haughtiness and dominance. Her voice takes on a didactic tone and the man sitting on the floor by her feet begins to figet with anticipation. He knows what is going to happen, and looks forward to the fulfillment of his fantasy.

"How dare you smoke that cigarette without my permission, and how many times have I told you to remove your shoes when you enter my home." The man obediently puts out the smoke and proceeds to remove his shoes. "And, while you're about it," she orders, "get out of those stupid street clothes and prepare yourself to serve me." The man disappears and returns wearing a maid's costume complete with a little yellow apron, bought for him especially by his mistress. He fixes her a drink and, while the woman chats gaily on the phone, he begins straightening the apartment.

He turns. The woman is no longer on the phone. She is behind him, telling him that he is a lousy slave. Perhaps, he needs better training. She orders him to get her chains and locks, and he immediately obeys. As she binds him, she is telling him how worthless and stupid he is. She calls him an asshole and says that he isn't fit even to serve another "M"—much less her.

She then attaches the end of his chains to a hook that has been permanently fixed to the ceiling. As he hangs there by his arms, she takes out a razor strap. The air is electric with the cracks of the leather across his bare skin as she turns the white of his ass to a hot pink. "Please Mistress," he cries, "no more," but, despite the pathetic pleading, his sexual excitement is obvious. Obvious because of the hardness of his cock, now straining at the apron he still wears, straight out.

"Please," she laughs, "please what? You would like me to whip you to an orgasm, wouldn't you? But why should I give you so much satisfaction when you serve me so poorly? I think instead that I will allow you to entertain me."

She takes the chain from the ceiling and attaches it with another and a lock around his ankles. "Now smart ass, clean this apartment in that position." She smirks as he hobbles around with his feet so closely bound he can hardly walk. "I'm bored," the dominant voice barks at him, "come here and amuse me. She pushes him down in front of her and demands he kneel there and masturbate to entertain her.

At dinner, the slave is still in chains and is made to eat his dinner with the house cats, on the floor, without benefit of fork or knife or even his hands which are now bound behind his back.

After dinner, they dress to go out for the evening. To anyone other than themselves, they look like an average couple hailing a cab, sitting in a theatre, sipping on a drink. Ostensibly, they are Mister and Ms. average America. But one cannot see the garter belt and stockings that the man was made to wear, or the thick chain attached by a lock under his clothes. Nor can one see the woman as she quietly and unnoticeably kicks him under the table and whispers, "Don't forget whose property you are."

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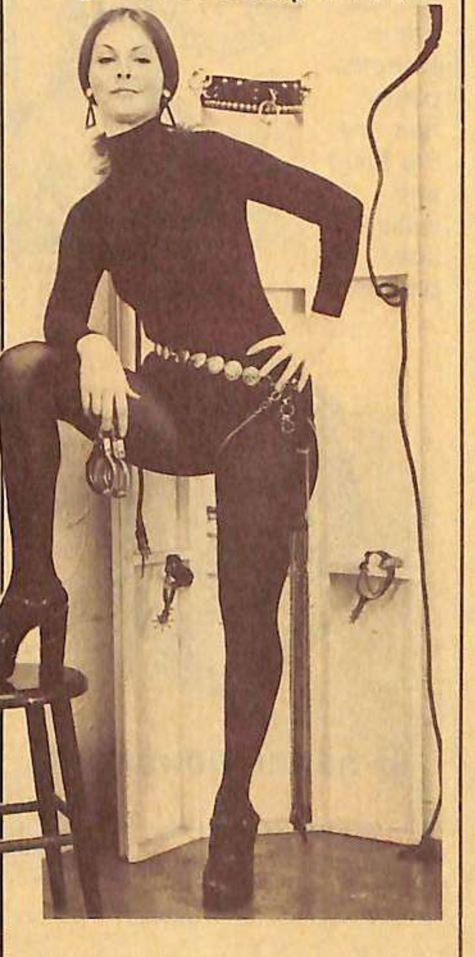
When was the last time you found yourself *(Continued on page 76)*



Mistress Roseanne, a prominent New York dominant, is probably the only "S" ever to display her techniques on public TV. Please address all mail to her at CHERI.

PICK OF THE PERSONALS

By RENEE ROUSSEAU

Too many publications offer tired reviews of your garden-variety erotic hardware: dildos, leathers, films, and books. Disdaining all mass-merchandised material, this column intends to review of-a-kind items: soiled panties, home-made obscene tapes, custom-posed snapshots, anything and everything you can get from ads in the underground sex papers and overground swing mags. Our reporter in this case, is the incredibly beauteous and oversexed Renee Rousseau. If you yourself run a sex ad somewhere, why not send it directly to CHERI for Renee's review. Nothing panics her. Send it all.

"Attention Models—take bizarre photos for generous collector. Details to occupant. . . ."

I was scanning an underground paper one day when the above ad happened to catch my attention. "Quick coin for fun work," I thought, more-or-less idly, since spreading for a camera isn't exactly my line of endeavor.

What could it hurt just to answer?

I sharpened my pencil, penned a tentative and questioning response, and whisked the letter into the local P.O.

The response was quick in coming. In an educated hand, the advertiser responded, "The type of photos I am looking for are listed on the reverse. If you are interested, enter price and return to me in the SASE. If price is right, I'll send you a check."

Wow! A chance to make some extra money. I turned the sheet of paper over. He wanted photos of "women defecating, urinating, menstruating, taking an enema, and expelling an enema." Ugh! Different strokes, sure, but. . . . Not for Renee baby.

However, this first experience initiated a love affair with the personals that lasts to this day. I'll never forget that *second* ad:

"Panties: They're soiled again. $5.00 each. With pic $7.00. Personal note included."

They came packaged in a Zip-lock bag that I was afraid to open! A pair of beige bikinis that I'm reluctant to expose to the open air because they are so obviously "soiled"—and stink to high Heaven in the bargain! The enclosed note said it all.

"Thanks for your order—I tried to pick out a real good pair for you because—although all my customers are important to me—somebody from my home state seems real special. If there is something special that really turns you on—tell me about it—maybe I can arrange it for you."

"One gal is a true supermarket of home-brewed goodies: stained panties, urine samples, pussy hair (by the lock) and wallet-size photos."

Along with the panties and personal note was a price list. This gal was a real entrepreneuse.

Panties	$ 5.00
Lock Pussy Hair	10.00
Shoe	10.00
Panty Hose	10.00
Urine	10.00
Wallet size pic	2.00
Oversize photo	5.00
Panties to special order (start at)	10.00
Photo poses to special requests	15.00

I decided that I could go into business for myself. All I'd need is a camera, a pair of scissors, underwear, Zip-lock bags, and a bottle in which to piss.

"Golden Shower Woman—What makes one woman pee all over another? We were getting all cleaned up for some sexy lovemaking. She was scrubbing me when all of a sudden I started to pee. For photos send $3.00 to. . . ."

"Sexy Cunt-ry Girl—I dig dogs, the bigger the better so I got the world's biggest breed to satisfy me. For two photos of Wolfy and me, send $3.00 to. . . ."

Funny but both of the ads above had the same post office address although each was in the name of a different girl. One was Ann and one was Mary. Imagine my lack of surprise when I received only one response, in the name of MaryAnn. You can imagine what my money got me. Very little in the way of sex photography! It did get me two personally written Xeroxed letters though, one about dogs and one about peeing; for an additional $5.00 each, I could order the poses that I wanted. I decided that a strategically-placed mirror in the john would satisfy all my needs in that area. "Here, Spot. Come to Mommy, Spot. . . ."

Finally, out of the first eighteen ads I answered, I received my seventh response:

"Private

(Continued on page 30)

SWING SHIFT

By Audrey Andrews

Hi! I'm Audrey Andrews. You've read all the fiction about swinging, right? Now, each month, SWING SHIFT will fill you in on what's *really* going on. We're going to feature all the latest news in the "swinging" world.

To introduce myself, my vital statistics are 34-22-34, distributed over 5'5". My weight, 105 pounds in the nude. I sleep in two drops of French perfume on a very, very large bed. I think I must have been born horny because sex has always been one of my main interests for as long as I can remember.

One of the grooviest things about the swinging scene is so-called "group sex." I define "group sex" as any number of people making it beyond the usual two. There are many things about this kind of sex, that are a turn on, but one of them is the excitement of watching and being watched. I was no more than 13 years old when I got my first taste of exhibitionism. It was at a birthday party. After we had all stuffed ourselves with ice-cream and cake we decided to play spin-the-bottle. Jeffrey, my next door neighbor, spun, and the bottle pointed to me. Surrounded by the other kids I felt myself trembling as he held me firmly so that I couldn't turn away. Pressing his lips against mine, his tongue probed deeply into my virgin mouth. I was too surprised to even push his hand away from my breast. All eyes were on us. I could feel them undressing me with their eyes as I stood there for what seemed like eternity. When he let go I pretended to be very embarrassed, but secretly I had really enjoying all the attention.

"You're not very good at kissing," Jeffrey whispered to me. "Why don't you drop over and I'll give you a few lessons?" Under Jeffrey's tutelage I rapidly progressed. He was my first hand job. Jeffrey showed me the finer points of stimulating a cock and also introduced vaseline into my life. While I found our sexual encounters stimulating, they never matched up to the thrill I had experienced during that first kiss in front of the group.

"Jeffie taught me all about handjobs and vaseline. . . ."

Audrey Andrews, very well-known in nudist circles, and quite as highly-profiled in the world of swap-and-switch, will be keeping close watch on the pulse or organized swinging each month in CHERI. Swingers and curiosity-seekers are invited to correspond with her here.

It was about eight months later when I finally found myself engaged sexually in front of other people again. The encounter took place in the backseat of a car at a drive-in movie. We could hear the couple in the front seat making out. I enjoyed the dimension it added to our own backseat lovemaking. Jeffrey had undone his fly and pressed his hard cock into my hands. My panties were pushed down and he was finger fucking my pussy. I was so absorbed that it was awhile before I noticed that our friends had stopped and were peeking over the seat watching us. Knowing they were watching really turned me on. It must have turned Jeffrey on too because, as soon as he saw Karen looking over the seat at his stiff member, he shot a wad all over the backseat of the car.

Being bi-sexual as well as an exhibitionist, I am attracted to guys who like to make it with more than one girl simultaneously. I first got into women sexually at pajama parties with my girlfriends. Instead of sleeping we would pair off into couples and do all sorts of dirty things under the covers. My favorite girlfriend and I would lie on top of each other kissing, rubbing breasts and finger fucking each other's pussies. I enjoy making it with a girl while a man watches and then fucks us both. It takes a really accomplished man to satisfy two women at once. More on this stuff in a later column, but I want to make sure I leave room for some realistic tips on where you can go to have yourself a "swinging time," plus an interview with our "swinging couple" of the month.

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Sunny Rest

(Continued on page 71)

"I WANT TO PROVE I'M NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY PAIR OF TITS."

Jinny Neinfordte, who's 20 and looks 14, wants to be this year's Miss All-Bare America. Badly. *("I always wanted to be a beauty queen.")*

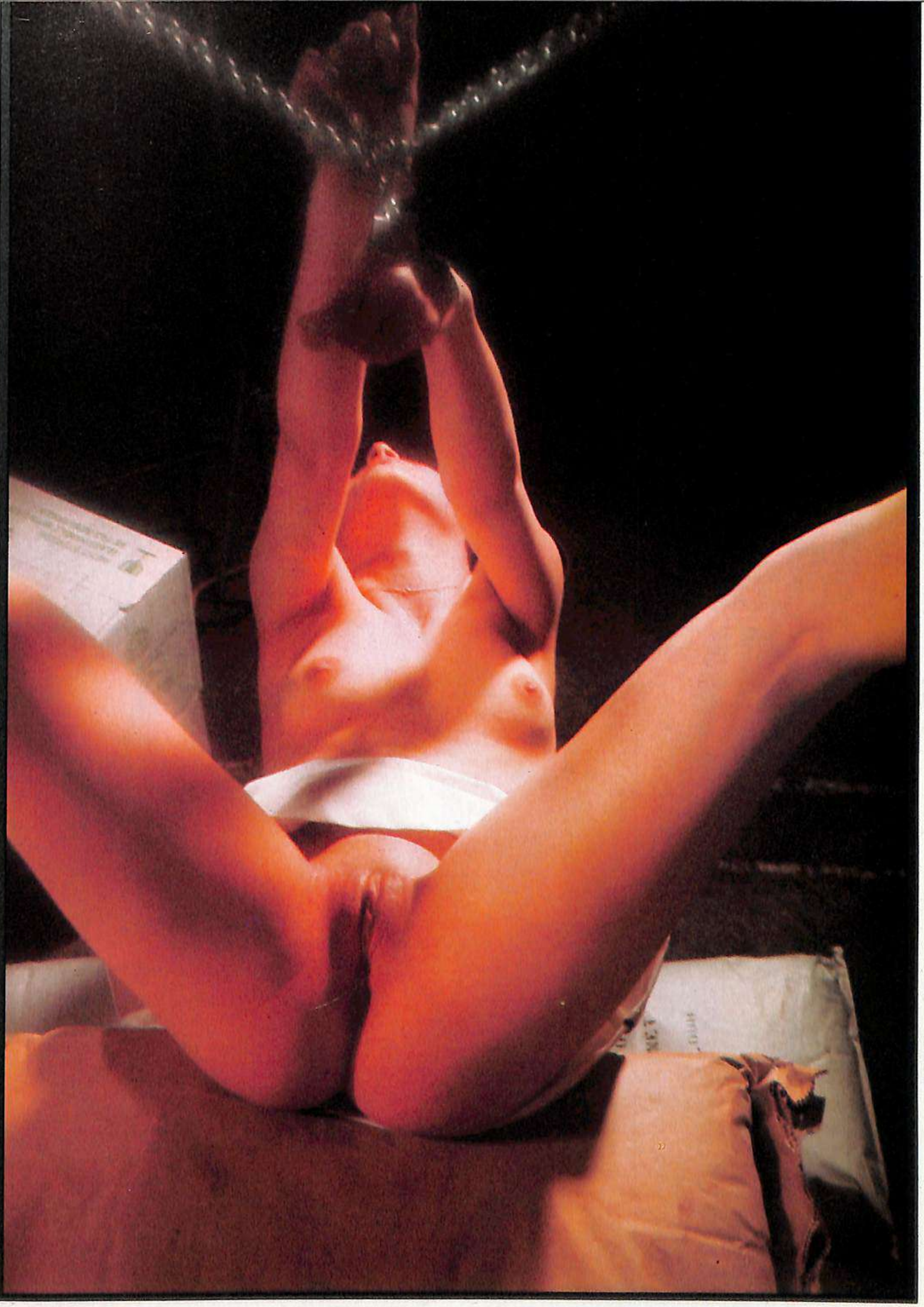
An ex-stripper, ex-nudist, she is currently waitressing at a "chic New York restaurant", in a holding pattern, waiting for the Big Break.

Her whole life, up to this point, has apparently been an "undress rehearsal" for her current quest. *("I'm used to nudity. My parents are nudists. I spent several years at nudist resorts.")*

She is as frank about her sexuality as she is uninhibited about her svelte and shapely body. *("Every boy I've ever dated has seen me nude at one time or another.")*

She is not a doctrinaire nudist—unlike some people she knows. *("The first time I went to a nudist camp they wouldn't let me into the swimming pool because my Barbie doll had a swimming suit on.")*

Growing up with nudist parents in an



"I FEEL IN STIRRING WHEN I SEE A MAN NUDE."

"I LIKE THE LAYOUT OF THE MALE BODY."

"EVERY BOY I'VE EVER DATED HAS SEEN ME NUDE.... EVERY SINGLE ONE!"

"WHEN I'M STRIPPING, IT'S HARD TO AVOID STARING AT HARD-ONS."

uptight society has its own built-in problems. *("When I was five, I used to run around without a T-shirt on and Mom used to get all kinds of riff about that. Then, one day, the little boy next door got so excited about me being topless, he came up and pissed on my stomach. That was the end of that.")*

She started stripping at a very early age. It came naturally. It was fun. *("Stripping is a very personal thing. A lot of girls say, 'Gee, I really don't want to be here.' Not me. I give it my best shot. I try to entertain them, even make them laugh. I don't want to be just another pretty face or a pair of tits or like that.")*

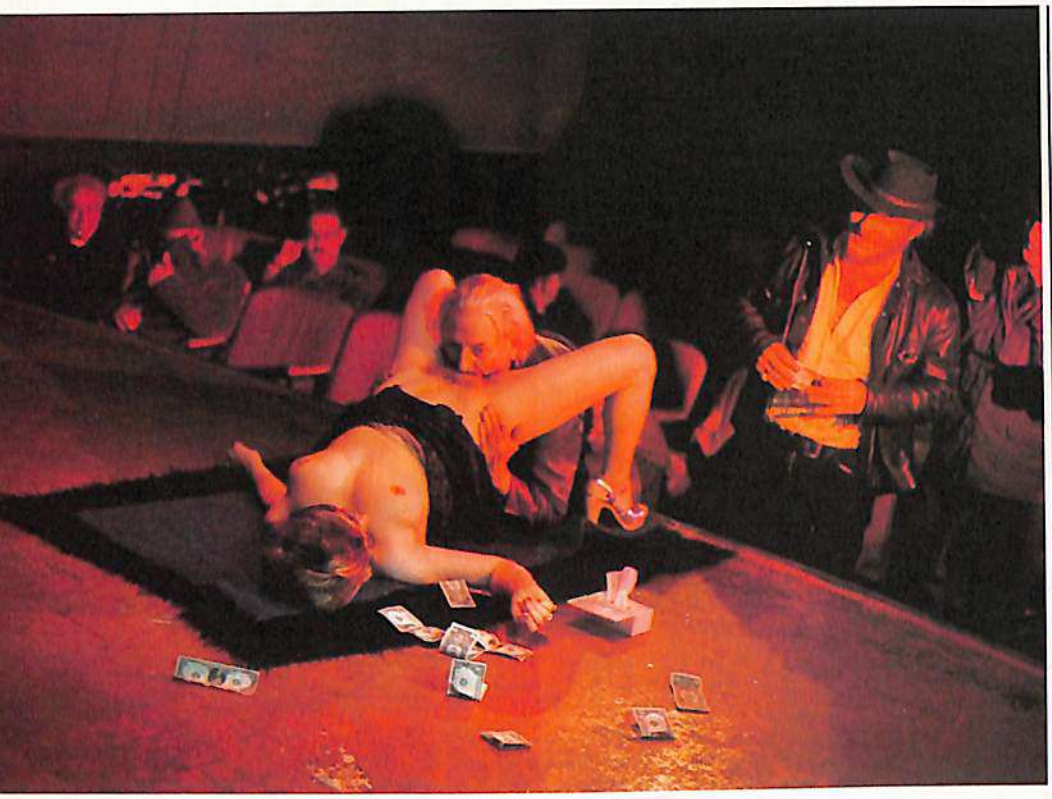
In the beginning, she had some misgivings. *("At first the guys jacking off really bothered me. I'm the kind of girl who likes to eyeball men. And it's*

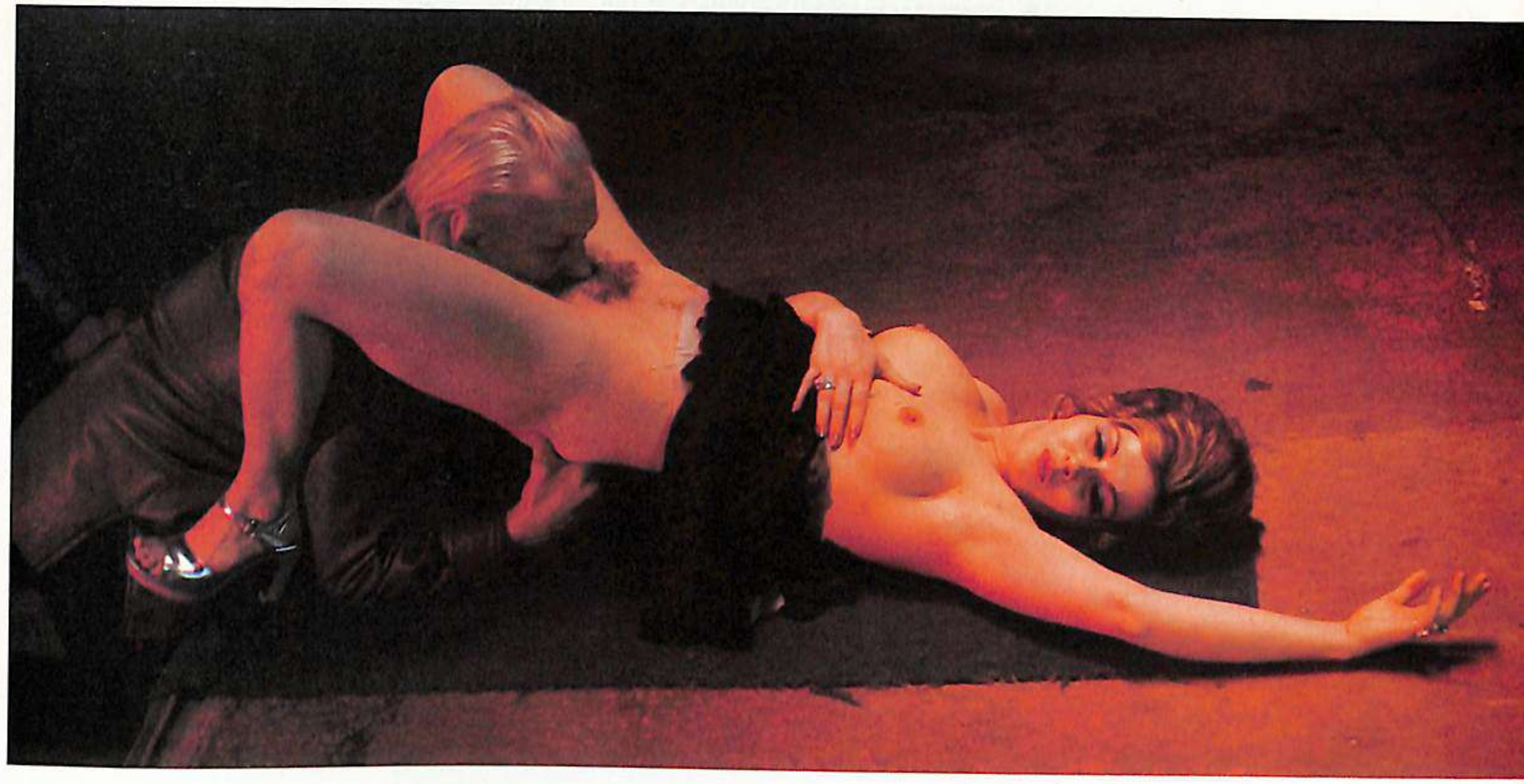
(Continued on page 76)

When she was a child, Honey Midnite's mama tossed her down a flight of stairs. Because of this, Honey grew up deaf and dumb. Because she was deaf and dumb, she couldn't protest each time her foster father raped her. She couldn't protest when her husband took potshots at her. During the course of her highly improbable life, men have invaded her silent and speechless world with incredible acts of lust and violence. Somewhere along the line, she became a stripper. Today she is a star. For one dollar, *any body* who wants to, can eat her out, on-stage, during her strip act. This is her whole, uncensored story.

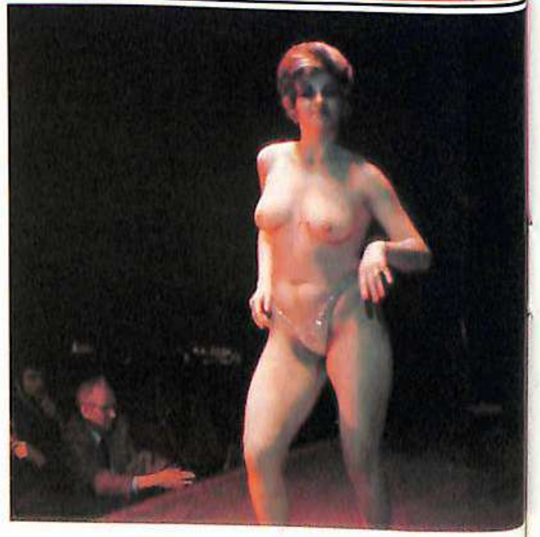
Photographs by Pat Fint

By VICTORIA HALPERIN





"By stripping, she is avenging her past and yet men still keep coming back for more..."



The neon flutters weakly, and the white face of the theater, sitting on the outskirts of the Forty-second Street midway, hasn't been painted in years. But the customers could care less. They want the "Live On Stage Burlesque" advertised on the greasy canopy. They want the girls whose photos are tacked on the wall inside, with their bare bottoms pushed backward and their heads twisted across their shoulders like cats. Five dollars slid under the cashier's window is what it costs for a seat, any seat, in the dusty theater with its sulfurous stage lights. Men loiter in the lobby, which was once elegant, to peek at the girls standing idly backstage and draped in gauzy robes with irridescent beads twinkling underneath. Then they find a seat in the front row barely a foot from the small, vaudeville stage or retreat farther back in the darkness to a private island where they can grab hold of their stiffening cocks. The modest ones drape one leg over the other, trying to make their fever less conspicuous.

A brief announcement from a male voice offstage. "And now that little bombshell from North Carolina, Miss Honey Midnite." The smooth sounds of the Latin Hustle bubble up as if someone had just dropped a quarter in a jukebox, and Honey walks across the red-painted boards. Her hair is the color of marbelized honey and chocolate, brushed up in a sleak French twist. She wears a gold outfit dotted with shiny silver coins. The pants are tight enough to cinch her waist in. The long-sleeved bolero jacket with the rhinestone fringe hooks at her throat to form the apex at the top of her cleavage. The trick of the stiff, bejeweled bra squeezes her breasts upward so that they jiggle in a little dance of their own. How could they be obscene? They're too healthy. Smooth with body paint, they look sun-fed.

The silver coins flicker, and the men applaud politely. The pretty lady smiles as if to say, "Watch me. You forget. I'll forget too. When I wave my arms, see my tits roll like big round balls. My pouting ass, can you feel it in your hand? And when I kick my legs out to the side, can you just imagine? Feel it, the excitement. It comes in strong, tropical waves, doesn't it. The little gold patch between my legs fringed with pubic hair has got your eye now. Your wife can't do that for you in her buttoned-up housedress and her vague, early-morning eyes that say you're a very ordinary man. But with my hips thrown forward while I slowly drag my g-string between the lips of my cunt, I'll revive your slumbering male image. You won't even remember *that* when I cup my own pretty titties and tap the nipples with my fingers. You won't remember the cold rebuffs of ladies you've wanted. You'll just think of me. Look, I'm spreading my cunt for you. . . . Okay, now I'm naked and the dancing is done."

But naked isn't enough. Not anymore. The twenty-five or thirty customers, salvaged from boredom or frustration or anonymity, whatever prods them through the front door, are hungry. There's a massage parlor next door. But they want Honey. Ennobled by the red Victorian drapes and the amber lights, she's a princess, a flesh and blood fantasy. Of course she teases, but when she gyrates without her panties, it doesn't hurt. On the contrary, her men can thrive on their illusions—of women open and yet not susceptible, giving with a generosity that asks only an extra dollar, five if you've got it, in return.

She pulls a furry mat downstage, squats like an acrobat, and lays back. From the back row all you can see is the pink bud of her clitoris. With bright eyes she invites the men forward, wags one legs high in the air, or raises her body up in a sort of back bend with her hips free to move.

A white-haired man drags his humpty-dumpty body out of his seat and heads for her damp cunt. His shoulders are stooped, his head is curled forward, a little with age and a little more with an incredulous sense of submission. His hands fumble with her knees, and then he buries his face between her legs. He licks her with youthful vigor while she smiles broadly like a pleased parent saying, "There, you see." Awkwardly, he finds her breasts to nibble. Enough. Honey pushes him back firmly. So he produces his wrinkled dollar bill and waddles back to his seat. A young man with shiny black hair is surer of himself. He sucks, and little chirps escape from her. Yet her expression never changes because nothing has been revealed, really. Her power is heightened not diminished because she is truly female and her body responds to a clever tongue.

"No Ma'am, I never come on stage." The thought makes her grimace. "I like turning men on. It makes me hot. But eating, that's for money." Anyone can have a mouthful for the price. She even giggles politely when they coo in her ear and beg her for a little of her time later on. But ungentlemanly conduct is something she won't tolerate. The gruff black man who gnawed her clit like a seasoned lamb chop just isn't welcome any more. But most of the men appear grateful, tame, and oddly respectful. The way in which she caters to them is almost wholesome. Before each show she dabs rose-scented cream between her legs, and after each customer she discreetly wipes herself with a damp pink tissue. Most of them go away obediently when she waves them off without seeming to be perturbed by her control of the situation. No one wants to dispel her magic or drag her down into the realm of human relationship.

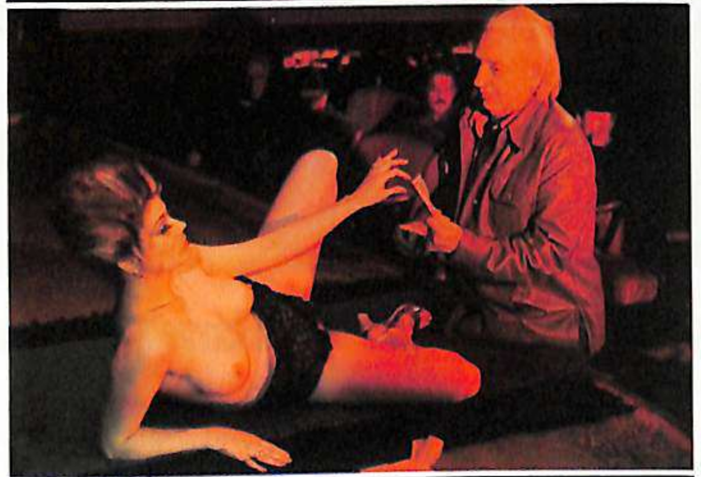
Backstage, her husband/manager, Lord S. Duncan, watches the audience with an inqusitioner's eye. When they behave, like a den of good cub scouts, he strolls on stage with a big circular mirror that reflects for the audience his wife's legs curled around an unfamiliar head, or he produces a rubber hose—to put out the fire. Everyone laughs with a strained comraderie. When someone misbehaves, he barks a warning.

A tedious old man stays all day, stumbles in at one for the first show and is still there, even more gray-faced, at midnight. He's tedious but regular. Sometimes drunk, sometimes repentent, he sends Honey gifts—a pair of black silk panties with red elastic trim and a zipper front. They come with a note: "Hello girl. Pretty lady—hope you are happy with the zipper panties. Bet you do not even remember Joie. But I will be back for a second kiss. Stay warm and well. God Bless." That she can evoke such a sincere human response from her customers is touching. It almost transcends the wanton carnality of their genuine motivation. "Ma'am . . . you are a doll and I'll be a good boy," writes another tenderly. She has her fans just like Dunaway or Redgrave or Deneuve.

But her fans do not know the woman that she is, why she cares to take off her clothes and sweat for their benefit, or how she came to be a burlesque queen with a laugh that makes you want to hug her and a marked sense of dignity about sex itself.

She waits for her cue in a long flannel bathrobe, buttoned up to her chin, and brown-rimmed glasses. The basement is unheated, and the dressing room is tiny and uncluttered. She smokes cigarettes and absently fingers the snapshots of her two children, who live with her foster mother in North Carolina. They're happy there, she says, shyly lowering her false eyelashes, which are exaggeratedly long and black. "I visit them every two months." But why aren't they with her? "Because I was sick, confused. I couldn't take care of kids." Her voice is halting, and she speaks a clipped southern singsong, sucking her words back in when they tire her. And they tire her because she's new to speech despite her thirty years, new, in fact, to the world of sound.

She was three years old when her mother, bitten with an uncontrollable temper, threw her down the stairs, breaking her legs and her collar bones and severely damaging her eardrums so that she couldn't hear or learn to speak.

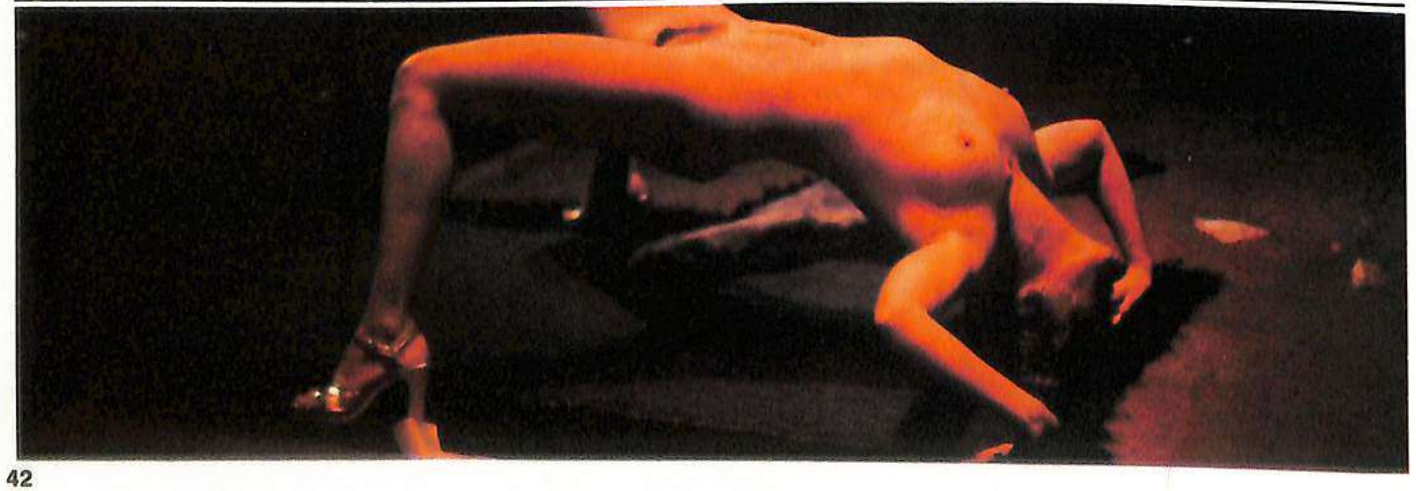


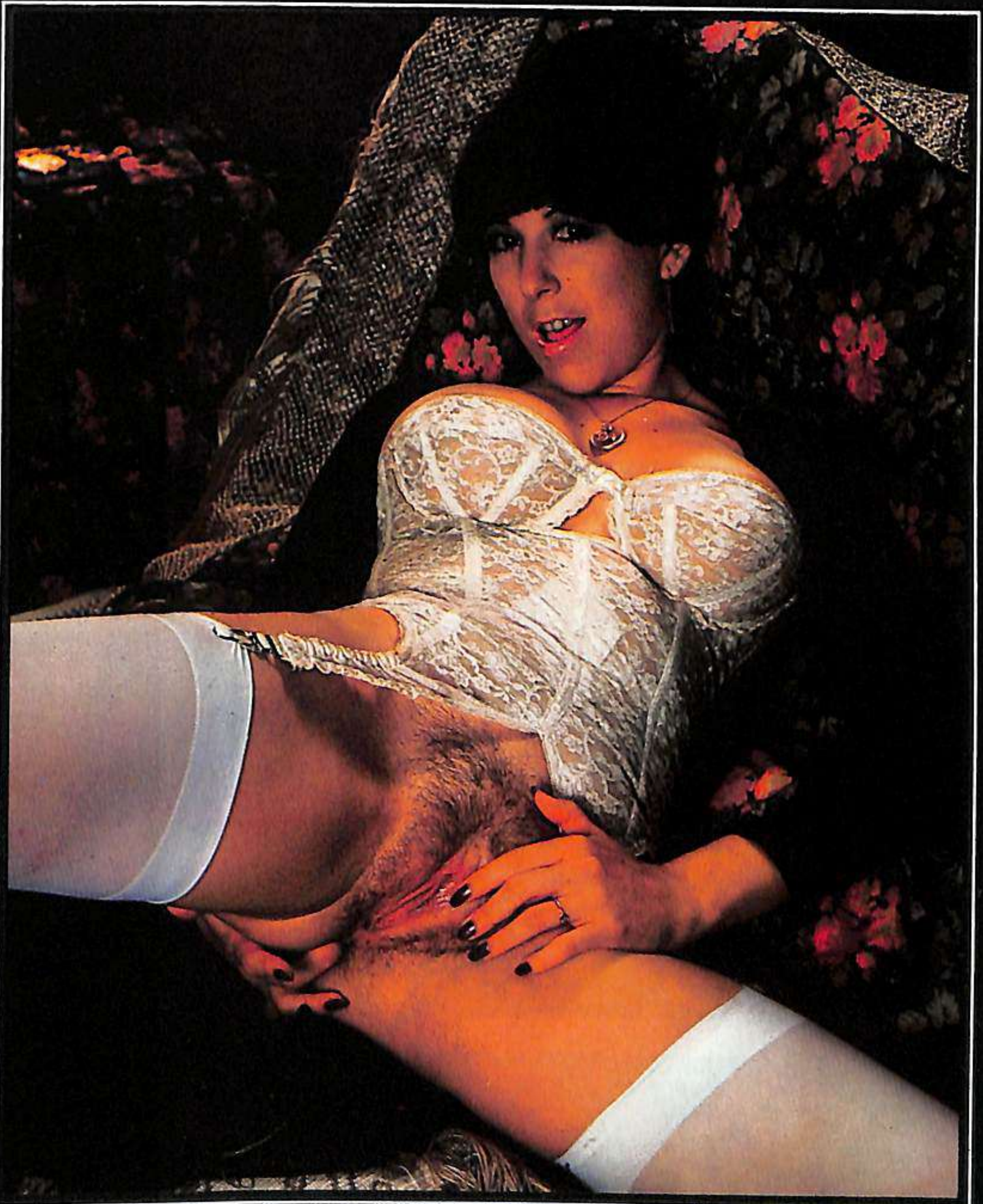
Her mother was sent to prison. Her father, demoralized and overwhelmed by his wife's brutality, shattered and was put in the state hospital, leaving the little girl in the care of her grandmother. With an eager but distorted sense of what would be best for her, her grandmother and father signed a legal agreement that Honey could never be adopted, and she was shuttled for the next twelve or so years from foster home to foster home. "Let me tell you something. They thought they done the best thing for me. They didn't. It hurt me awful bad." Honey's honesty is particularly disturbing because it's as acute and complicated as it is simply put. She leans back in her chair and fumbles in her agitation with another cigarette. What could sound melodramatic in the mouth of someone pushing pity just sounds sad.

Her foster parents, seven different sets, were alternately cruel and negligent. Sometimes she was beaten. Sometimes she was left all alone. She resorted to stealing, a pathetic mouthpiece for a speechless little girl to chose but an effective one. Suddenly, outraged foster parents, righteous neighbors, everyone who hadn't notice before, were anxious to point out right from wrong.

One foster mother found the time to care, and Honey's attachment to the woman has never wavered. She struggled to understand the words at the end of Honey's fingertips, dressed her respectably, and simply loved her. But the woman's husband had no such sense of humanity. The silent child

(Continued on page 74)





PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER HURD

DEEP FIST

PORNO STAR ANNIE SPRINKLE
TAKES A CRACK AT SEXDOMS NEWEST
WRINKLE -- AND FINDS THAT SOME
PEOPLE ARE STRETCHING
THINGS A BIT TOO FAR

This is the year of Annie Sprinkle. Screenslime's answer to Mount Rushmore is in every-other movie in Smutland, on TV, in the National Lampoon, *and now in* Cheri. *She is the biggest set of jugs to hit the Xflick scene since Chesty Morgan and one of the sweetest and smartest fuckstresses ever to come down the pike. Recently, Annie sat for a long inter-*

"TRICKING IS LIKE A DRUG. IT'S SAD, REALLY. BUT WHAT A FEELING OF POWER IT GIVES YOU!"

INTERVIEW BY PETER WOLFF

"I'M ONE OF THOSE WOMEN WHO REALLY GETS OFF BALLING CREEPING OLD MEN...."

view with Cheri's Pete Wolff as well as a tradition-shattering photo session with Peter Hurd in which she unsuccessfully attempted to touch her elbow to her ovaries in best Leather Bar form.

"IF MY BOX WAS AS BIG AS MY BOOBS, MAYBE IT WOULD WORK.... BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T DO IT LIKE GAYS CAN...."

PETER: As it so happens, I've been drooling over your last eight or nine skin flicks on Times Square. You're getting to be quite a celebrity here, you know. . . .

ANNIE: Yeah. . . . wow. . . .

PETER: What's the hardest and most disgusting thing you've had to do in one of these films?

ANNIE: Umm . . . it's just that a lot of the positions are uncomfortable. And they're very complicated. Like this one scene I had in this dirty basement in a broken down rowboat, where I was freezing cold *plus* I had to row the boat *plus* go up and down on the guy *plus* remember dialogue. It's . . . an impossible combination, y'know?

PETER: How many of these flicks would you say you've made?

ANNIE: Oh . . . about forty, in the last eight months.

PETER: Are you kidding?

ANNIE: When I hit town, I could count on at least two a week. I like to do things in a rush.

PETER: And you made the transition from massage parlors to movies, right? Where are you

(continued on page 77)

KENNERLY
FOR PRESIDENT

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE KARP

DIRTY TRICKS:

By SHEILA FUCHS

The Story of a Campaign Call Girl, '76

> "Behind every potential president is a suck-for-bucks specialist who keeps the opposition honest. For Senator Kennerly, Lydia Trask was that cocksucker...."

As any enterprising chipper can tell you, convention fever builds quickly, picking up steam as the first roll-call nears. Pressure and excitement increase on a day-to-day basis and, as the tension balloons, so does the pace of each night's partying.

A hot, throbbing mouth or an easily available hole can be a critical commodity in trying times like these. . . .

At a small, chic restaurant near the Convention Center, Rep. Brett Hamzug was dining with a few colleagues. By name they were Senators Barban, Soskin, Levin, Wolff, Brown, Smythe, Kahulalua, and Van Dam. The press called them "Jackman's Big Eight"; they were the backbone of Harris Jackman's bid for the presidency.

And they had a firecracker up their communal ass.

Brett, garbed in a stunning yellow-and-black pantsuit topped by one of her flamboyant hats, was lecturing her dinner companions in that now-famous abrasive style. "The problem with all these cocksuckers in Washington," she was saying, "is that they're all engaged in a gigantic circle jerk. You know, that's really what Washington power-brokering is all about—who's gonna stick it to you and who's had his nose up whose ass. They're nothing but a bunch of ass-kissers, these so-called 'kingmakers.' They've got shit-brown noses and empty scrotums. . . ."

Her editorials were wordy and incessant. The "Big Eight" had long since despaired of trying to get a word in edgewise, content merely to nod encouragement to her tirade. They needed her support.

© 1976 by Pleasure Books, N.Y. Excerpted from "Dirty Tricks" by Sheila Fuchs, published by Pleasure Books, New York City, N.Y.

From a nearby table, luscious Lydia Trask and her escort Tom Stone sat and watched the tableau with no little amusement.

Lydia's name was in every other little black book at the convention. She was the local superfuck, a polished sex pro whose contacts plunged deep into the establishment's power structure.

Tom Stone, too, needed no introduction in these circles. His name was known and feared wherever hands were shaken and babies kissed.

Tom Stone was the high priest of dirty tricks, the unchallenged master of political low jinks. More ruthless, more amoral, more sadistic than one's worst fantasies about the Watergaters, he possessed a sadistic streak that made even Dick Tuck look like a babe in arms. Where some saboteur mercenaries got off dry, Tom Stone thrived on debasement and humiliation.

Studying his prey, Tom Stone's eyes narrowed in their vicious slits. "That's them, Lydia, your johns. . . . Your suckers. . . ."

Lydia twinkled. "All eight?"

"All eight, baby. I want you and your ball-busting mates to put those creeps out of commission for a while. Can you do it?"

"I dunno," she laughed. "They look pretty straight to me. How'm I gonna get them to nibble, Tom?"

"Through Humzag. That bitch has the sex drive of a piranha. You get her juices flowing, you'll get the Eight's business. Come on, I'll show you. . . ."

Stone grasped Lydia's hand and led her to Brett's table. "Excuse me, Representative Humzag," he intoned in his most sincere-sounding voice, "this is Lydia Trask, the head of the Pennsylvania Delegation, and she's just been dying to meet you . . ."

Representative Humzag turned around long enough to see the dwey-eyed admiration mingled with sensuous desire in Lydia's practiced eye. If politicians are better actors than actors, then hookers are even better than politicians.

"I'd love to get together with you sometimes Ms. Humzag," said Lydia, "there are so many things I'd like to ask you about the position of women in society."

Rep. Humzag sent an appraising glance to Lydia's tits. "Yes, why don't we, my dear," she said, "I have a few positions I would like to try out on you."

Lydia smiled. "How about right now? Or haven't you finished your dinner?"

Rep. Humzag smiled back. "No, I've finished. I was just about to leave. But I'm skipping dessert for a little while."

In the quiet of Humzag's hotel suite, Lydia turned to Brett. "Is it true that you're a no-bullshit bitch?"

"You know it, honey," said Brett.

"Then tell me, Brett—what's on your mind when you look at me?"

"Why, nothing honey, I mean, it's always nice to chat with a fan or an admirer. I talk to hundreds of young women every week about my ideas, about the woman's movement, about . . ."

"Cut the crap, Brett, and tell me . . ."

"Okay, okay. You know what I want."

"Tell me!"

"Damn it. You know I want to— to— suck your . . ."

"Say it, Brett!"

"Okay, you little bitch. I want to suck your cunt. Do you understand? I want to lick your pussy. I want to sit on your face. I want to lap your tits. . . . I want to. . . ." And the famous Representative crumpled in a heap of tears and sobs.

Lydia went over to her to console her. "Poor, poor Brett. It's not easy being such a strong one all the time, is it? Poor, poor baby." And she took one of her big tits out of her blouse and shoved it in Brett's face.

Brett's tongue reached out for it, caressed the areola, then rimmed the nipple. Soon she took hold of the nipple and began to suck like a baby, all the time sobbing, the salt of her tears mixing with her saliva as she sucked the nipple.

Soon she was conforted and began to become aggressive. She ripped off her clothes and thrust her coarse hairy cunt in Lydia's tender face.

"Come on now, lick it, you little cunt. Lick it for me good."

Lydia started licking like a madwoman. She licked the inside of the legs, she licked back of the knees. She licked the outer lips, she licked the inner lips. Then she licked up and down the crack of Brett's ass, pausing at the anus to insert her tongue several times. Then she licked around under the legs and back up the slit again.

Brett was in ecstasy. She began to breathe heavily and moan.

Suddenly, Lydia pulled away abruptly. "You like that, huh, bitch?" Hamzug's mouth instinctively lunged for the fading breast. Lydia stopped her with a vicious slap.

"That's all mama gets for now," Lydia smiled. "Unless. . . ."

"Unless what?" the pathetic politico gasped, tears swelling her eyes, hands shaking.

"Unless you get your eight heavy boyfriends up here for a party. Lydia likes cunt fine. . . . but she really wants cockie. Can you dig?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Invite them up here. Tell them they can't have your vote unless they meet with a local women's group. . . . And don't worry I'll supply the women's group. . . ."

Within moments, Hamzug had issued her ultimatum to the Jacklin Eight and Lydia had enlisted seven glamorous helpmates from the nearby Nero's Bedroom, a high-class massage parlor.

Lydia came away from the phone with a sly smile. "Now where were we again?" she chortled, burying her face in Brett's ass. . . .

***

Sometimes the fate of a nation hangs by a cunt hair.

Destiny and the appetites of men wreak havoc with the rational and enlightened course of human events. Too often decisions are made and leaders rise or fall on the flimsiest of passions and transitory desires.

Professional politicians know this lesson well.

Our recent history is full of examples. JFK would certainly have been ruined if the facts about his numerous mistresses and profligate cockmanship were known at the time of his candidacy for President. The once-powerful Wilbur Mills, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, took a diver to obscurity once his name became linked forever with that of strip-dancer Fanny Foxe, known to the delight of the media as the "Argentine Firecracker" and "The Tidal Basin Bombshell."

Only now is the nation prepared to accept the revelation that its beloved leader Ike was forcibly restrained by his colleagues from leaving Mamie for his blonde secretary. Or the equally shocking revelation —suppressed for some thirty years—about Franklin D. Roosevelt's protracted affair with his girl Friday, a dalliance which caused the doughty Eleanor much pain and distress.

And so, thanks to the clever and professional machinations of Tom Stone and luscious Lydia Trask and her All-Girl Commandos ("Those GD Hinge-heeled Dirty Trickers")—Senator Bill Kennerly sat in his office on convention day smoking cigars and having his cock sucked as he waited for the news about the first ballot.

Stretched out on the couch, with the color television on, Kennerly watched the proceedings at the convention while taking telephone calls.

As he smoked and talked and waited for the news, his new office girl, Micki, was giving him delicious head.

She knelt at the couch with her head buried in his crotch, running her mouth and tongue all over him. She grabbed his large dong in her hand and yanked it up with a firm steady pressure as her busy tongue flicked against his balls again and again.

She was licking up one side of the shaft and down the other. Her mouth and tongue were not large, and there was a lot of area to cover on the Senator's big prick, so Micki's task was a real challenge. She had to keep up a lot of motion and activity.

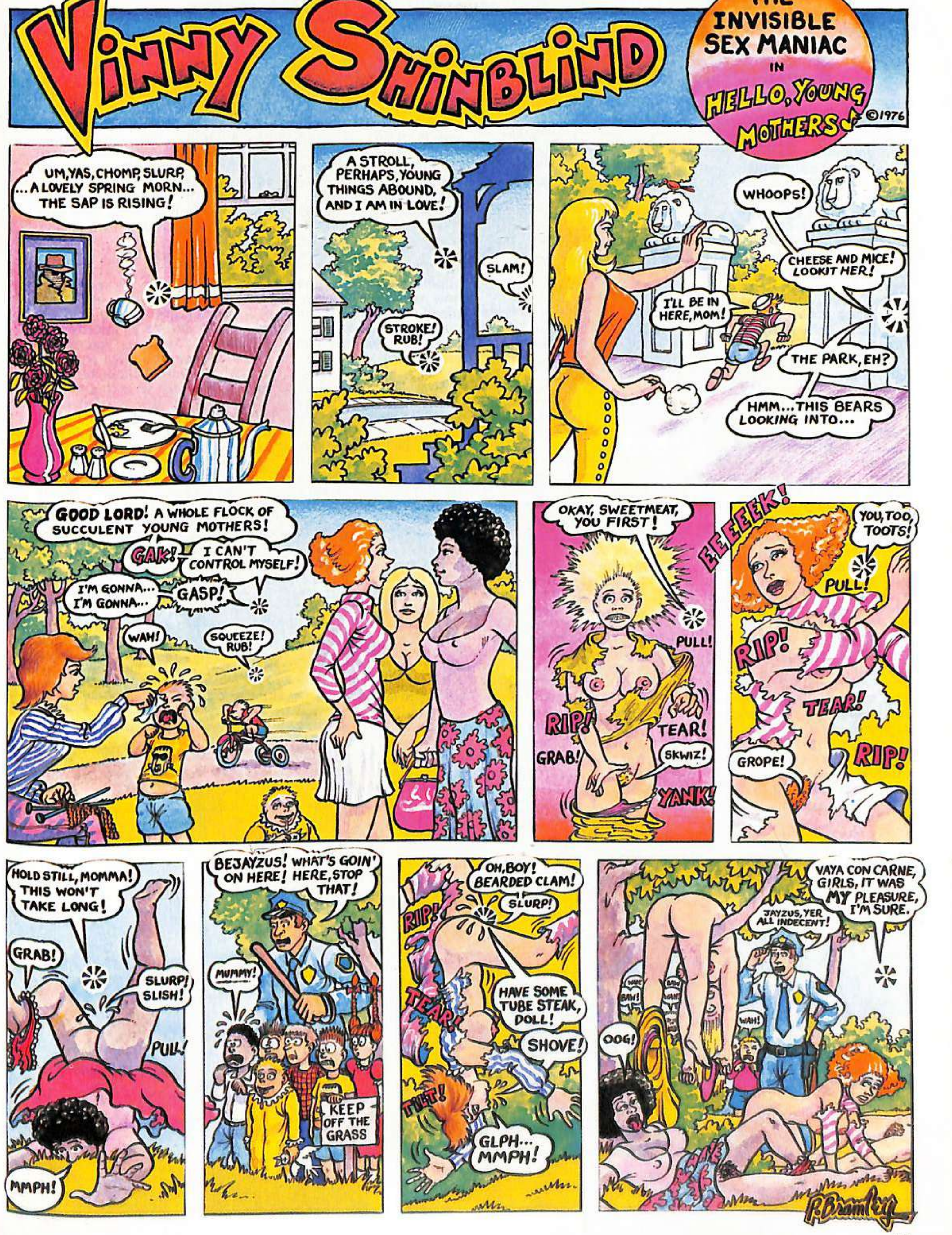
During the first few days, her mouth and lips and tongue got tired. But she soon found out that to have a tired tongue or a dry mouth meant a vile outburst from the Senator.

He seemed to be some kind of Jekyl-and-Hyde. There is no doubt that his lust for power was tinged with a heavy accent of sadism.

Not that he beat his girls or used whips or chains. After all, they were only his office girls, not his slaves.

Still, they often felt like slaves because of the way he treated them. And, if he slashed their egos, ripped their beings, and caused them great pain, it didn't have to go as far as actually ripping their bodies or whip-

(Continued on page 85)


VINNY SHINBLIND
THE INVISIBLE SEX MANIAC
IN
HELLO, YOUNG MOTHERS
©1976
UM, YAS, CHOMP, SLURP, ... A LOVELY SPRING MORN... THE SAP IS RISING!
A STROLL, PERHAPS, YOUNG THINGS ABOUND, AND I AM IN LOVE!
SLAM!
STROKE! RUB!
WHOOPS!
CHEESE AND MICE! LOOKIT HER!
I'LL BE IN HERE, MOM!
THE PARK, EH?
HMM... THIS BEARS LOOKING INTO...
GOOD LORD! A WHOLE FLOCK OF SUCCULENT YOUNG MOTHERS!
GAK!
I CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF!
I'M GONNA... I'M GONNA...
GASP!
WAH!
SQUEEZE! RUB!
OKAY, SWEETMEAT, YOU FIRST!
PULL!
RIP!
TEAR!
GRAB!
SKWIZ!
YANK!
EEEEEK!
YOU, TOO, TOOTS!
PULL!
RIP!
TEAR!
GROPE!
RIP!
HOLD STILL, MOMMA! THIS WON'T TAKE LONG!
GRAB!
SLURP! SLISH!
PULL!
MMPH!
BEJAYZUS! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE! HERE, STOP THAT!
MUMMY!
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
OH, BOY! BEARDED CLAM!
SLURP!
RIP!
TEAR!
HAVE SOME TUBE STEAK, DOLL!
SHOVE!
TILT!
GLPH... MMPH!
VAYA CON CARNE, GIRLS, IT WAS MY PLEASURE, I'M SURE.
JAYZUS, YER ALL INDECENT!
WAH!
BAW!
OOG!
P. Bramley

I, KIM POPE

(Continued from page 23)

find yourself a nice girl who likes to do it *dog-fashion*—at least she won't leave her bones in your bed!

A few years ago there was a film called *Animal Lovers* playing around town. Most people found it a bit too kinky—and not many actors would be willing to get involved in a project like that. For many reasons. I should point out here that you can contract very serious veneral diseases from animals.

Try and explain that to your family doctor!

On "limits"

There are several cardinal rules you have to follow if you want a distributor to handle your film. Plenty of sex, a lesbian scene, a group-grope scene, and a healthy serving of nice juicy cum shots. There are also several definite no-no's. You must not show police officers in uniform fucking, or your film will be declared obscene. You must not show members of the clergy fucking, or they'll burn crosses on your lawn. Last, but most important, you cannot show a man sucking another man's cock. The distributors, certainly, and most of your audience, probably, would become highly upset that you could do such a perfidious thing to them. Perchance your mother would top talking to you. . . . again, and even the Watch-Tower lady would forsake your soul. . . . for you'd be just too far gone! My feelings are, if it's sexy for men to watch two girls fondle and kiss each other, then turn around is fair play. However, my opinion is not the popular one. . . . perhaps next year???

That bum rap in Jersey

Three years ago I was arrested, along with others involved, for my part in the film "Deep Sleep." The charges involved such judicial goodies as "conspiracy to fornicate", "conspiracy to commit carnal indencency," "fornication", etc., etc. Indicted under the archaic Comstock Laws, for three years we put up with all the headaches of fighting a morals case in New Jersey. Thousands of dollars were spent, and a great deal of hard work on the part of our lawyers, and the American Civil Liberties Union who assumed our cause. They deserve a lot of thanks.

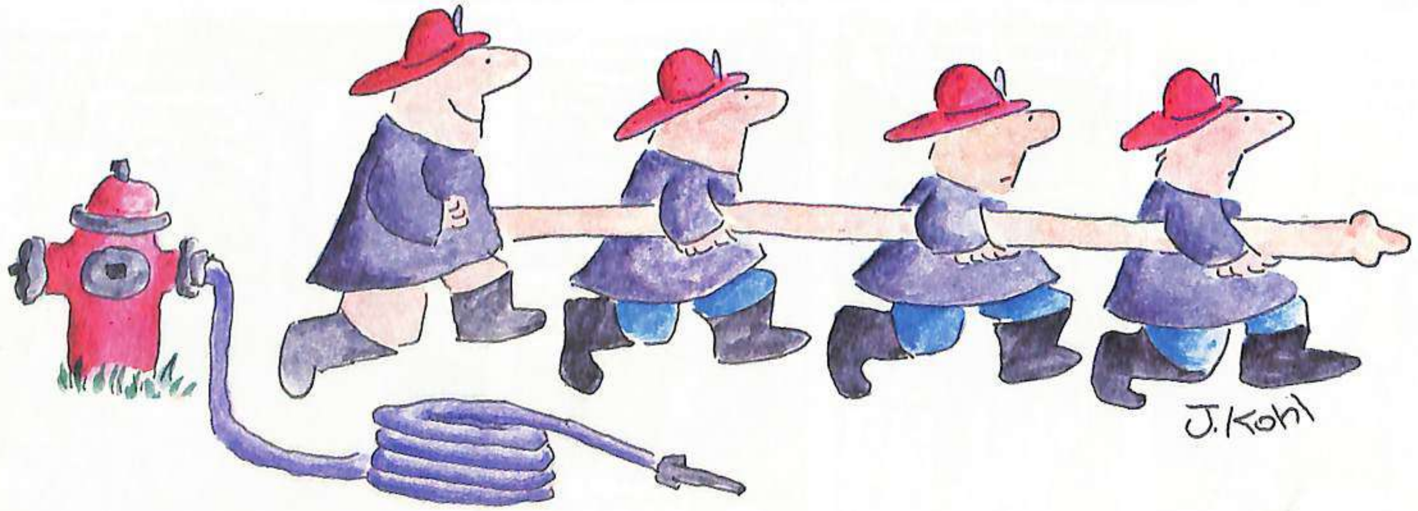
Up until the day we agreed, reluctantly, to plead guilty, I still wanted to fight (and so may I add did the lawyer from the Civil Liberties Union, Bill de Marco). We went to court in the confident hope of selecting a jury but before we entered the courtroom the District Attorney had us brought to his office to offer us a final "deal." If we pleaded guilty to "disorderly persons" stature, they, the court, would impose a $50 fine on each of us and we could go home. Just like that. The crux of the matter was that they too had spent a lot of time and money, and, in addition, the idiot District Attorney who initiated the whole ridiculous affair had since been replaced by someone with the good sense to realize the negative public reaction to a highly publicized sex trial with such silly and anachronistic charges. My only reason for agreeing to plead guilty—and it was all or none of us—was to protect the jobs and reputations of several innocent people: a school teacher who had been present during the filming, and other neighbors of the producer who had let us shoot scenes in their homes or offices. I felt I couldn't take the chance of destroying someone's life or career by forcing the trial to satisfy my own sense of outraged justice.

Believe me, it was extremely difficult to say in court that "I will accept the offer of the court", and it was especially hard to say "no pressure had been brought to bear on me to accept this offer" and "no promises had been made about the sentence". I shed more than a few tears. The District Attorney made a public spent prosecuting the case, over a quarter of a million dollars, and he felt the courts had more important things to do. So they won. Chalk it up to one more dirty, underhanded win for "justice." I'm pleased I'm not a taxpayer in Paterson, New Jersey, because they lost also. We were politely blackmailed into pleading guilty to something, anything. We came away from that courtroom more than a little bitter and not quite sure if we do live in the land of the free. You see, "Big Brother" lives here also and, believe me, he's always watching.

A few words about you, the fans

My guess is you don't realize just how important you all are to the film industry. We're all interdependent. You see, you're the audience, the guys and gals who buy the tickets, read the reviews, tell your friends and make it all worthwhile. Whenever I go to a theatre where one of my films are playing I'm constantly amazed at the wonderful reaction. The people I meet are always polite, friendly and hghly aware. They tell me which actors and actresses they like best, their favorite films, and ask the inevitable question, "Do I know Harry Reems"? Yep, I tell them, he's a friend. Moreover, they're concerned when we are arrested, angry when we are harrassed, and usually very, very curious.

Well fellas and girls, here is your chance. Write me your letters, your comments, and your requests. Let me be your guide, your companion, your friend and together we'll explore the compelling, gritty "world of porn and the people who make it".



At home with the Star Family, America's first porn commune

ink,

cum,

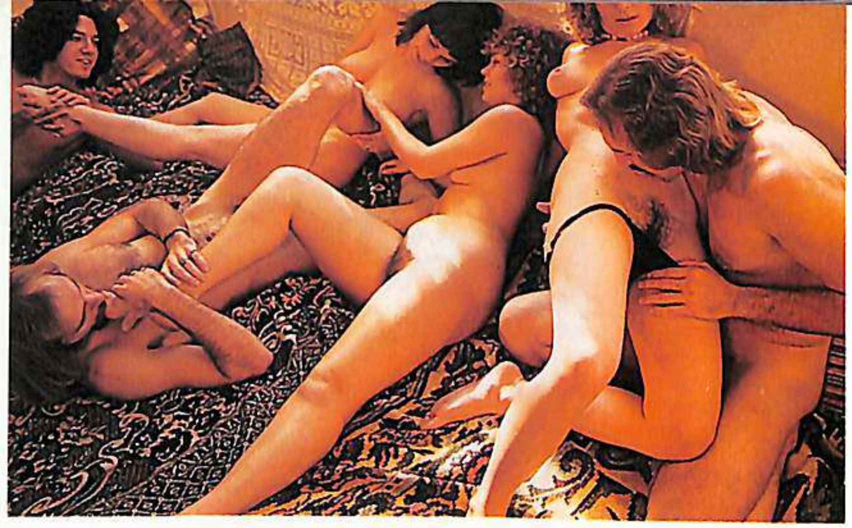
and the most important journalistic breakthru since cold type.

Revolution!

By DIANA CLAPTON
Photographs by RIC DANTE

Southern California is definitely the love cult center of the universe. The flat-out worship of the human body, from the film factories of Hollywood to the fuck-fantasy temples of whatever nutball prophet can gather the most devoted acolytes, has always enchanted the American imagination to the boiling point. Religious rites have traditionally had loads of raw sexual energy and orgies anyway, which makes it all historically okay.

But the crummy part that made them communal failurs was that most of the sex was pathological. The whole scene would be directed by one power/pussy-mad individual, a role model for the later manipula-



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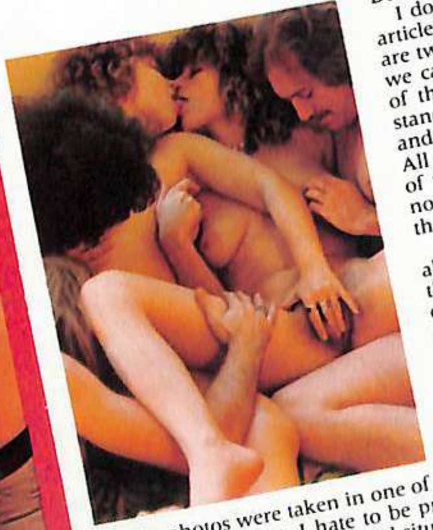
A SWING CLUB FOR MOTHERS AND SONS

Hot Meat at the Vista

Light up The Star and smoke it

ABOUT THIS SHOOTING



Dear Peter,

I don't know how you are going to present the *L.A. Star* "family" in your article, but above all, I hope it will be truthful and honest. Actually, there are two "groups" of staff members who produce the magazines. One group we call the office staff and is composed of the individuals who take care of the business end of it. The other group, of longer, more permanent standing, is composed of the artists who do the photography and layout and who work at a "production" house away from the business office. All of us, as members of the *Star* family, are open-minded and accepting of the many manifestations of human emotionality and sexuality, but not all of us are "swingers" and have open orgies together. Some of the staff do, however.

The people on the slides are the office staff members, two of whom also work on the production of *Ooh!*, the newest production of the Family. They are the core members of any group sex situations or parties whenever they occur. Other staff members and assorted friends move in and out (no pun intended!) of this group freely.

There are many other regular members of the Star and Finger production staff. No orgies take place within this group, although isolated, more private sex takes place between the members. We all love each other, nonetheless. We spend so much time together working, eating, relaxing, that we practically live together. We believe in the work we do, and are happy doing it.

The photos were taken in one of the rooms of our business office that is set up as a den where people can relax and chat. I hate to be pretentious about the environment that I use when I shoot. I don't like to pose models in a sexual situation, either. I just tell them to make love to each other and I move around them. I want to make it look natural. These people are all friends and lovers and they just went ahead and did what they often do with each other. The windows were all open for light, and toward the end of the shooting somebody noticed that there was a large number of people hanging out of windows in the bank building across the way from us. We waved at them. A little later a messenger from there came up to our office and bought a note from one of their executives that said, "What the fuck is going on over there, anyway?" We were tempted to reply, "That's *exactly* what's going on!" But the messenger split before we could write it. So we hung a sign out that said, "We're having a ball." They'll probably talk about it for months.

—RIC DANTE

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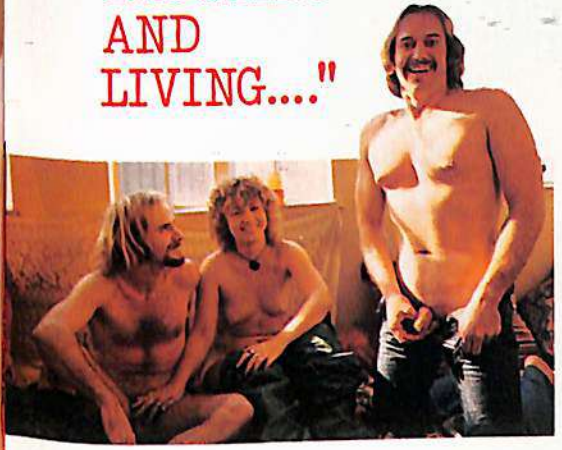
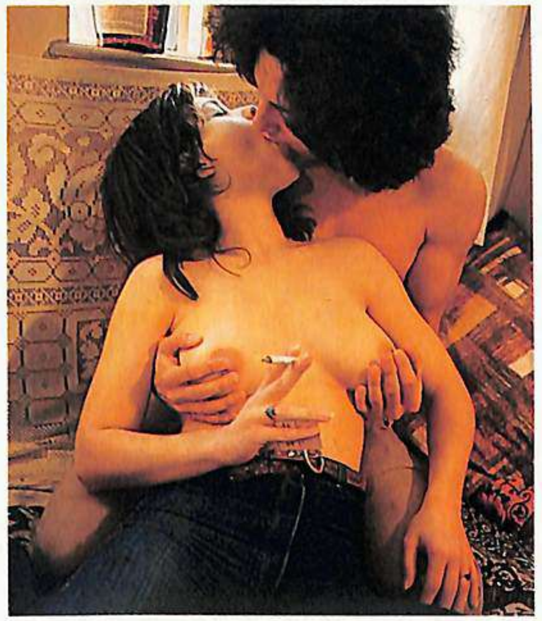
Los Angeles Star

"THE STAR IS WHAT REAL PEOPLE LOOK LIKE, FUCKING AND SUCKING AND LAUGHING AND LIVING...."



tions of Charlie Manson, with the kind of charisma that makes good girls leave home. Girls are always leaving Mama for the California scene anyway, so there has never been a shortage of erotic exploitees looking for a guy who really knows how to give orders. But the sexual revolution, thank God, has made this imbalance of power old-fashioned, and dumb. For every runaway acid casualty on a moist, blind trail to hierarchical humiliation, there are dozens of young groovies with good heads and wide-open eyes who get off just hanging out and balling their friends . . .

All this by way of introduction to *LA Star*, a magnificently downhome celebration of this hassled erotic impulse. It currently reigns in Southern California and you should read it whenever it comes out. Unlike its more constipated and relentlessly revolutionary (*Screw your brains out—or else!*) Eastern counterparts, the *Star* is free from posed

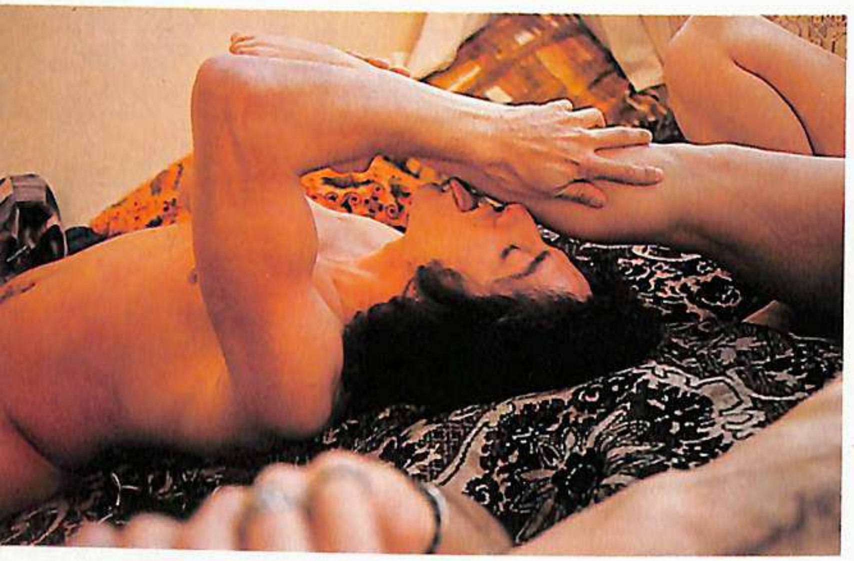


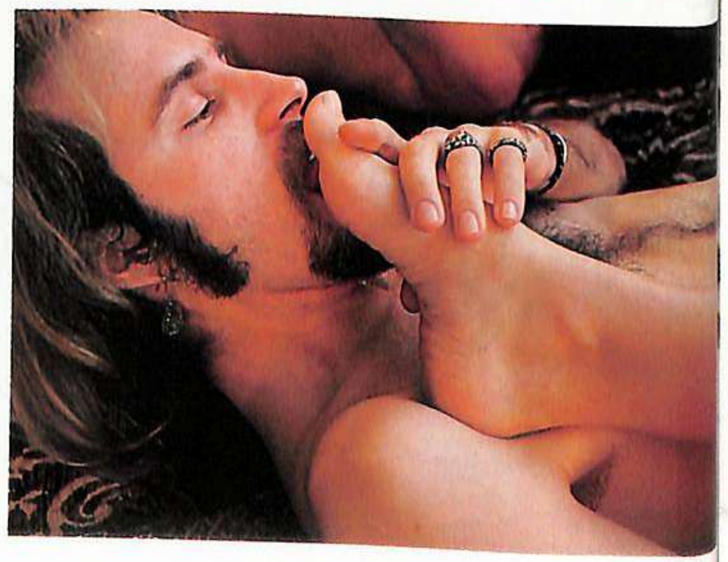
THE STAR EDITORS PROMISE, "WE WON'T PRINT ANYTHING WE WOULDN'T DO OURSELVES..."

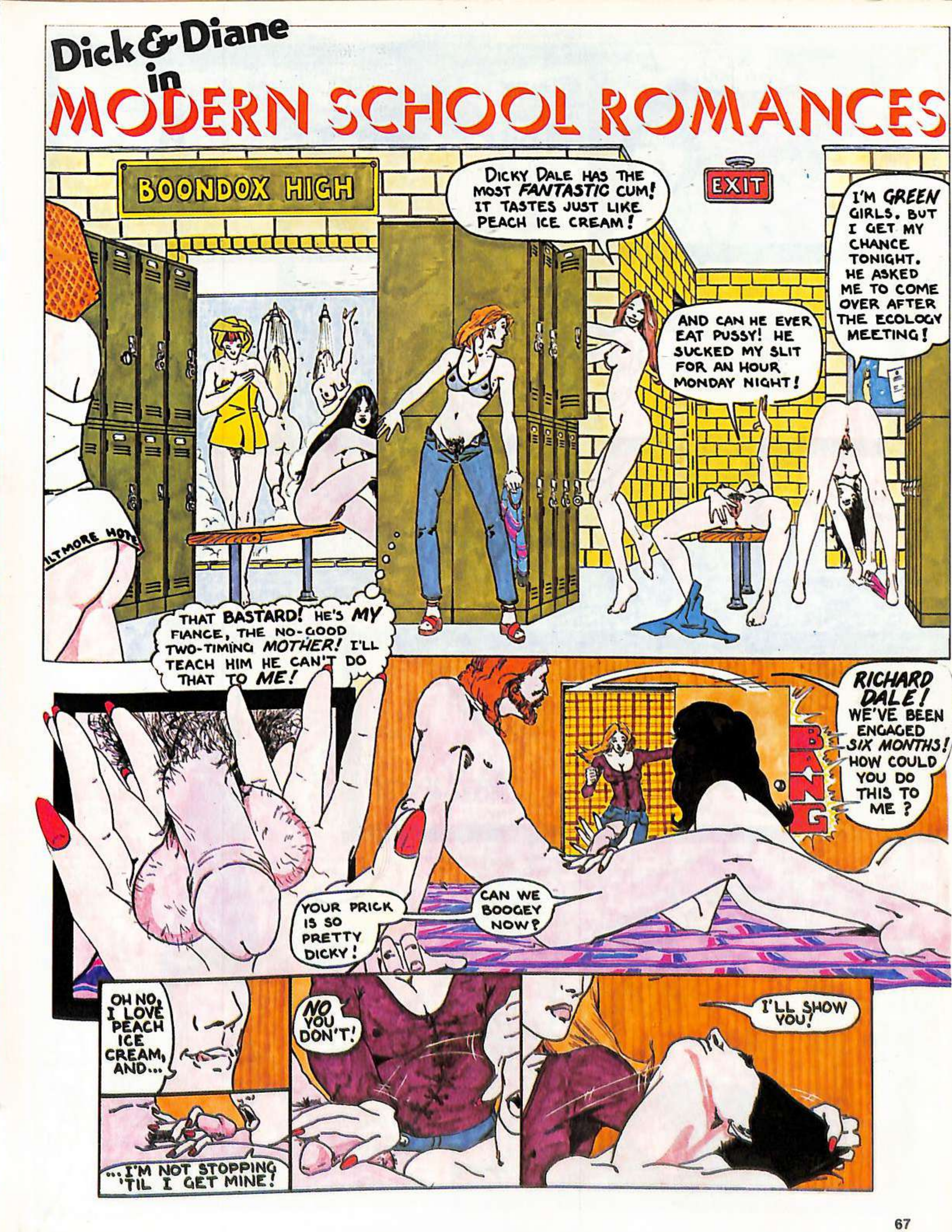
porn photos of desperate junkie chicks contorted into grotesque fuck scenes by the photographers who went into the profession to get laid. The paper is the ballsy brainchild of one Paul Eberle, his wife Shirley and his hunky friend Mickey Leblovic, all of whom used to work for the *LA Free Press* when it really was a classy rig. Eberle is a sexual revolutionary of appealing dimensions who was convinced about five years ago that what the world needed now was a wide-open sex paper that encouraged people to "get rid of their guilt and start balling and having fun and smoking dope and rediscovering themselves." He found himself surrounded by sexually sympathetic chums, artists and writers and other latently exhibitionistic beasts, all of whom tore off their clothes and pitched in, con brio. He has continued to run the paper with the same sweet folks you see in the centerfold photos, and they've all gone right on writing and drawing with unselfconscious delight and endearing details on their rampaging sex lies with each other.

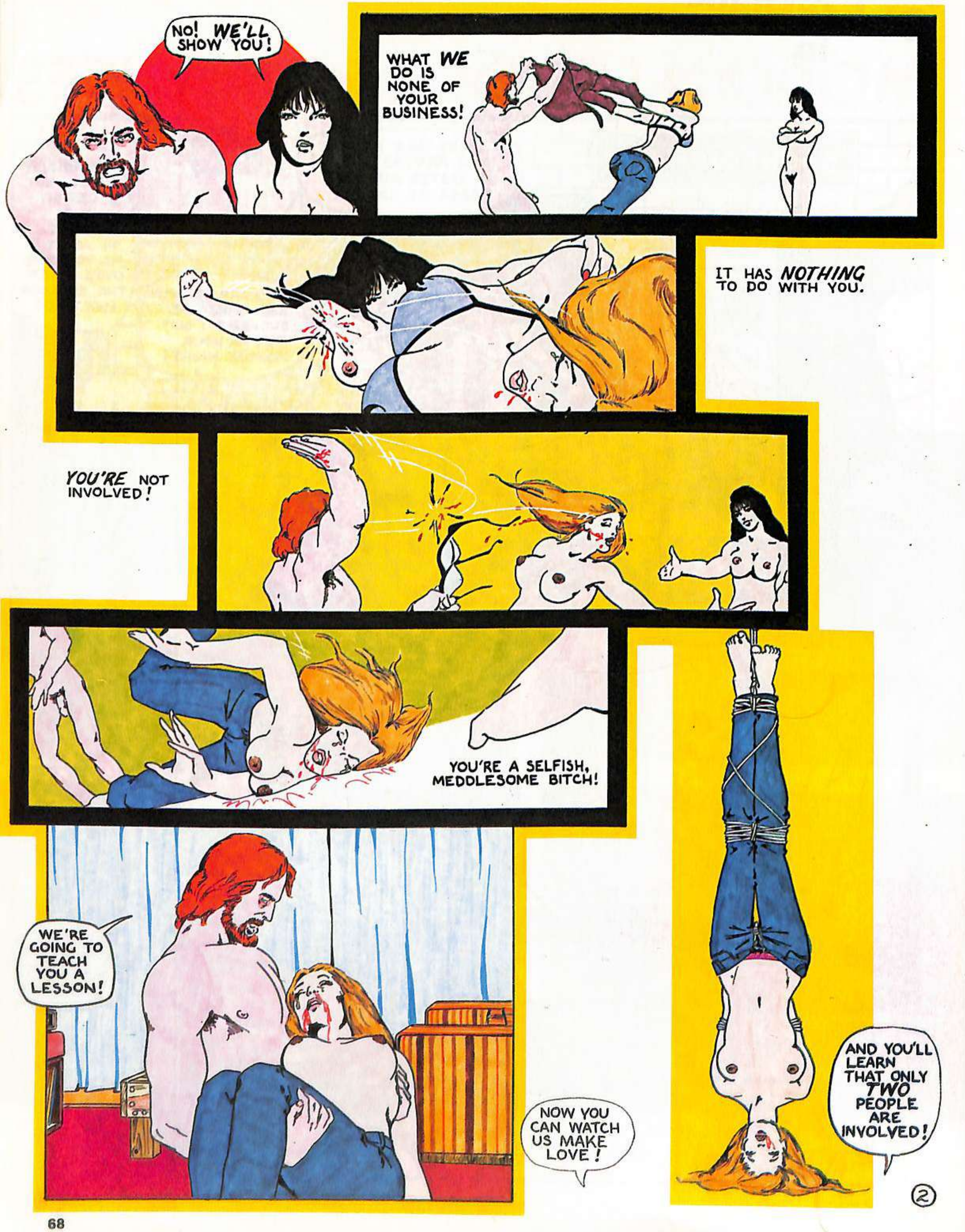
Remember Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice? That

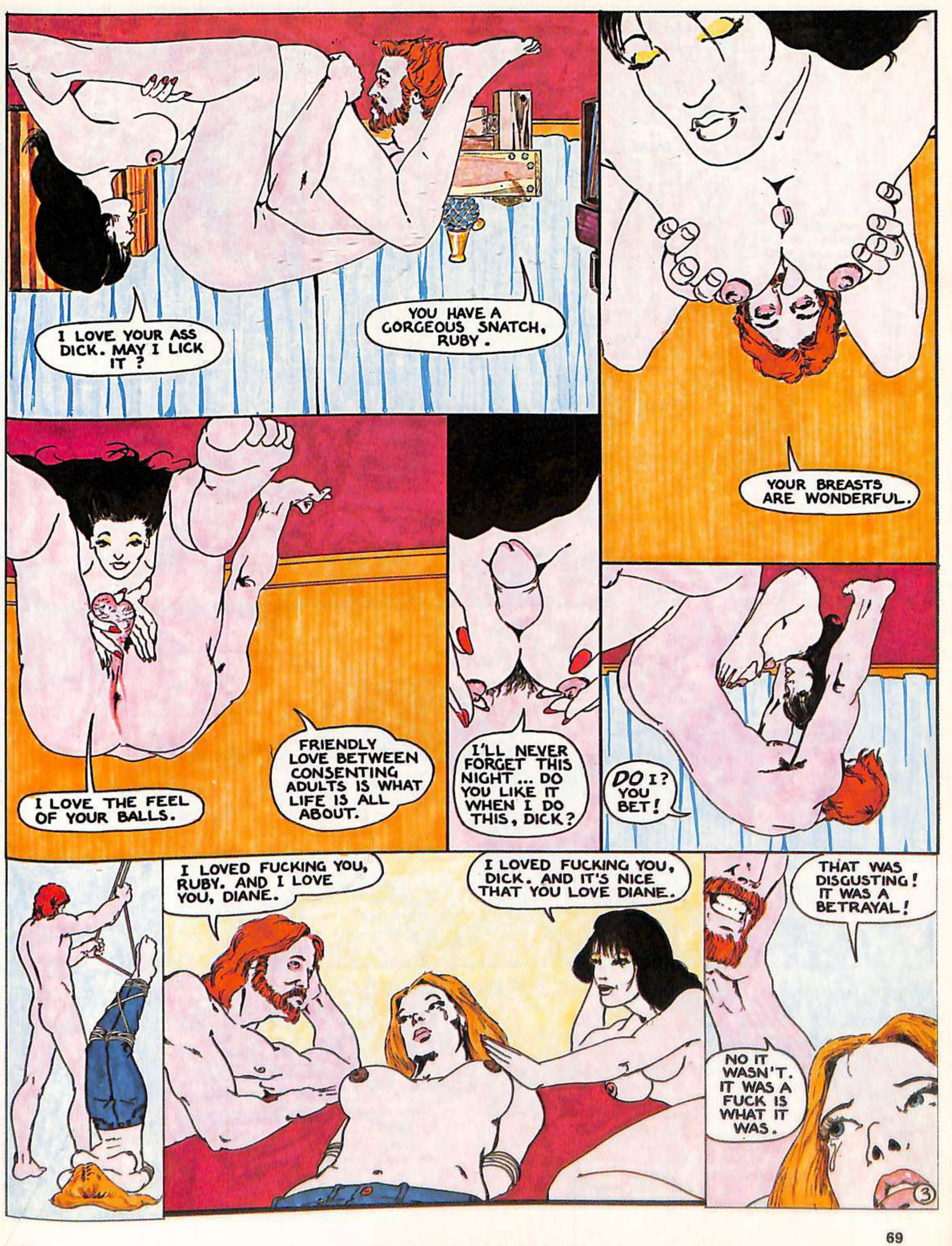
(Continued on page 73)

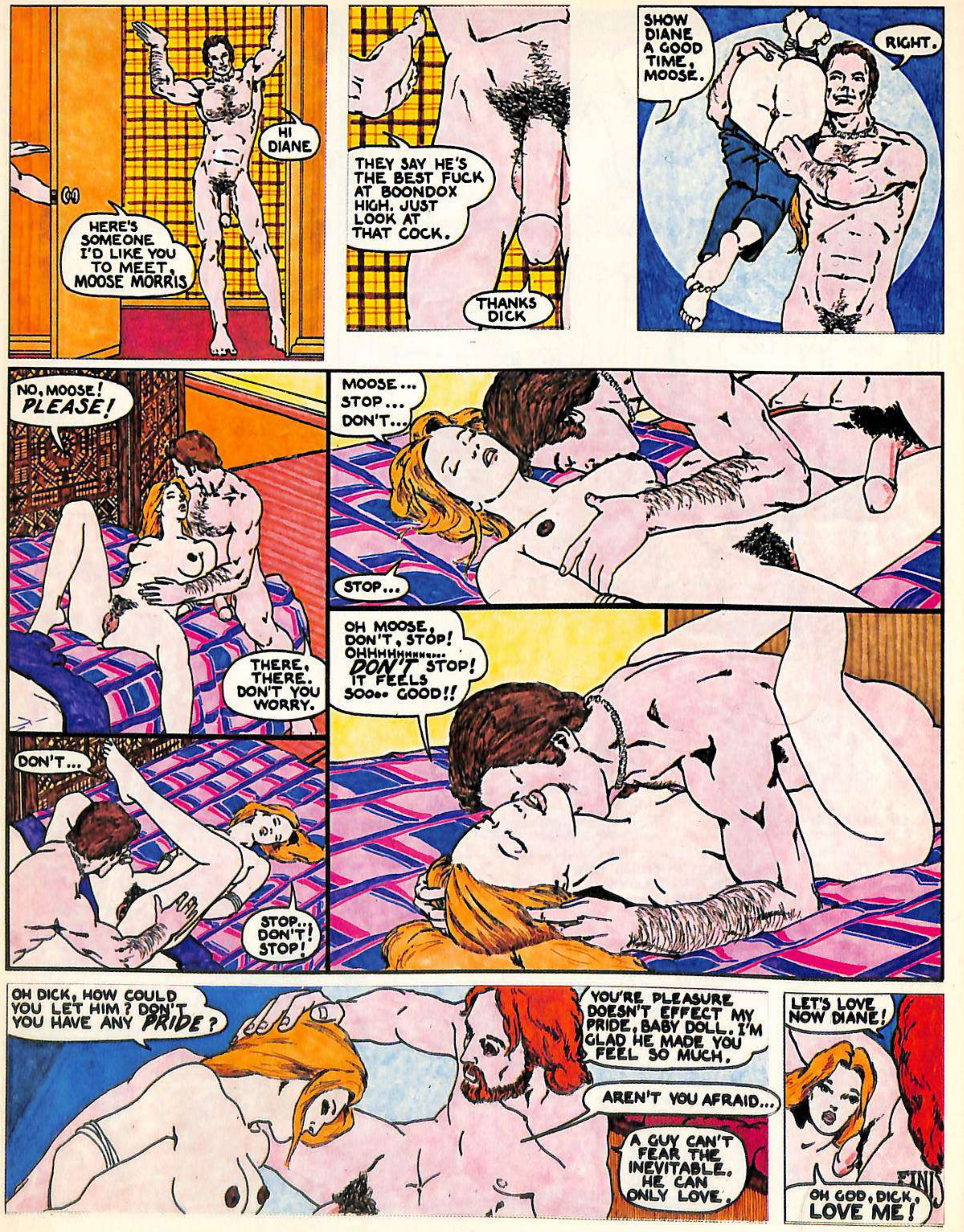





Dick & Diane in
MODERN SCHOOL ROMANCES
BOONDOX HIGH
DICKY DALE HAS THE MOST FANTASTIC CUM! IT TASTES JUST LIKE PEACH ICE CREAM!
EXIT
I'M GREEN GIRLS. BUT I GET MY CHANCE TONIGHT. HE ASKED ME TO COME OVER AFTER THE ECOLOGY MEETING!
AND CAN HE EVER EAT PUSSY! HE SUCKED MY SLIT FOR AN HOUR MONDAY NIGHT!
ILTMORE HOTE
THAT BASTARD! HE'S MY FIANCE, THE NO-GOOD TWO-TIMING MOTHER! I'LL TEACH HIM HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!
BANG
RICHARD DALE! WE'VE BEEN ENGAGED SIX MONTHS! HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?
YOUR PRICK IS SO PRETTY DICKY!
CAN WE BOOGEY NOW?
OH NO, I LOVE PEACH ICE CREAM, AND...
...I'M NOT STOPPING 'TIL I GET MINE!
NO YOU DON'T!
I'LL SHOW YOU!


NO! *WE'LL* SHOW YOU!
WHAT *WE* DO IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!
IT HAS *NOTHING* TO DO WITH YOU.
YOU'RE NOT INVOLVED!
YOU'RE A SELFISH, MEDDLESOME BITCH!
WE'RE GOING TO TEACH YOU A LESSON!
NOW YOU CAN WATCH US MAKE LOVE!
AND YOU'LL LEARN THAT ONLY *TWO* PEOPLE ARE INVOLVED!
②


I LOVE YOUR ASS DICK. MAY I LICK IT ?
YOU HAVE A GORGEOUS SNATCH, RUBY.
YOUR BREASTS ARE WONDERFUL.
I LOVE THE FEEL OF YOUR BALLS.
FRIENDLY LOVE BETWEEN CONSENTING ADULTS IS WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT.
I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS NIGHT ... DO YOU LIKE IT WHEN I DO THIS, DICK?
DO I? YOU BET!
I LOVED FUCKING YOU, RUBY. AND I LOVE YOU, DIANE.
I LOVED FUCKING YOU, DICK. AND IT'S NICE THAT YOU LOVE DIANE.
THAT WAS DISGUSTING! IT WAS A BETRAYAL!
NO IT WASN'T. IT WAS A FUCK IS WHAT IT WAS.
③


HI DIANE
HERE'S SOMEONE I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET, MOOSE MORRIS
THEY SAY HE'S THE BEST FUCK AT BOONDOX HIGH. JUST LOOK AT THAT COCK.
THANKS DICK
SHOW DIANE A GOOD TIME, MOOSE.
RIGHT.
NO, MOOSE! PLEASE!
THERE, THERE. DON'T YOU WORRY.
MOOSE... STOP... DON'T...
STOP...
OH MOOSE, DON'T, STOP! OHHHHHHHH... DON'T STOP! IT FEELS SOOO GOOD!!
DON'T...
STOP. DON'T! STOP!
OH DICK, HOW COULD YOU LET HIM? DON'T YOU HAVE ANY PRIDE?
YOU'RE PLEASURE DOESN'T EFFECT MY PRIDE, BABY DOLL. I'M GLAD HE MADE YOU FEEL SO MUCH.
AREN'T YOU AFRAID...
A GUY CAN'T FEAR THE INEVITABLE. HE CAN ONLY LOVE.
LET'S LOVE NOW DIANE!
OH GOD, DICK, LOVE ME!
FINIS

DIVINE DECADENCE

(Continued from page 25)

fucker a lesson. Since I had a "social disease" at the time I could always infect him. No, whatever goes around, cums around. I shouldn't be thinking revengeful thoughts, just because this turd turned my peaceful evening into a bachelorette's nightmare!

HOME GROWN HUMOR

If you're a lover of art in its purest form, then you'll love the graffitti in the john at the Los Angeles Star newspaper. I mean, one goes to relieve oneself and ends up sitting on the pot until you have the red indentations encircling your arse. The poetry! The artwork! The quick wits and cunning quotes really inspite you to contribute your 2 cents worth. There's even a pencil hanging on a string for those who cum unprepared. A true outlet for frustration, aggravation, personal obsessions. No one is spared. Here is just a sneak preview:

50 Ways to Leave Luigi . . .
"Just kick him in the head, Ed
Bite his balls, Paul
Steal his Bike, Ike
and get yourself free
Just make him lick peuk, Duke
set afire his prick, Dick
and cut off his boney, Toney
just listen to me . . . "
or
"Are you lonesome tonite?
is your asshole uptight?
Do you find your sphincter ain't right?
Well give me a call,
my name is Paul,
and my unit is 10 inches tall."

That's just a few. But I'm accepting contributions and would really get off on receiving your graffitti in the mail. I'm being serious! Please, we're running out of ideas (and room), but I could always wall paper it with your donations. I'm anxiously awaiting your 2 cents worth.

YA' GOTTA PAY—BEFORE YOU PLAY!

Lately, before I let someone get into my pants, I've been preferring to get inside their heads first. Laying it on the line, and clearing the atmosphere of any unnecessary time-consuming bullshit, is easier said than done. A few nights I found myself without any dates. People get offended, then they start defending and personal vibes start transcending. The initial shock of a female placing her cards on the table, face up, usually scares most men away. Just like Joni Mitchell's song, "You don't like weak women, you get bored too quick, and you don't like strong women, cuz they're hip to your tricks." I don't mean to be pushy or personal but my bod IS personally mine, and I like to know the jokers intentions. I am not a piece of chopped liver, MAYBE a floozie, but cautious with whom I share my body.

Don't get me wrong! "A prude I am NOT, a snob I am," that's what Leona (a friend) told a mucho macho male once. Dig IT, the clap is on a rampage! I heard on the evening news that V.D. is up 25% JUST IN THE HOLLYWOOD-AND-WILSHIRE AREA! And up to 75% in women! Holy Fazola! What if we become immune to tetracycline and penicillin, like the roaches are to Raid and Black Flag? I can't bear the thought.

The other night (during my quarrantine) I was sleeping with a friend (for comfort and company), when all of a sudden he awoke and told me about his dream. During his sleep, he fantasized little germs the shape of Vitamin E capsules dancing around my pubes, and putting make-up on! Outrageous! Not only does V.D. affect your genitals, but it affects your sub-conscious, the BALANCE, remember?

And the brutality involved in getting cured! Oh, the flashbacks of a butcher, disguised as an M.D. harpooning the soft tissue of my arse still haunts me. Is that my punishment? Am I suppose to repent and beat my heart thrice with my fist? Or just sew myself up? So, I'm "loose"! So what? We all have chances to take, and dues to pay when we play. But, the next time I hit the hay with a lay, I'm gonna give his juices a squeeze, and if it goops (not cum but GOOP comes out), I'm gonna split. Because too many innocent participants become victims of circumstances.

It's really a bummer trying to explain it to someone who you're trying to make a good impression on. How do you tell someone you're diseased? You just do. Tell them you took a friend for a job interview at the Free Clinic, and used the toilet without a protective barrier! Tell them anything. But do tell them! What a way to start off a relationship. V.D. can make or break a relationship, but so can honesty. BELIEVE ME, the truth doesn't hurt nearly as much as a lie exposed. Honesty IS the best policy, and cleanliness is next to godliness. Have I been babbling? If so, that's because I'm a Babalonian from Babylon.

SWING SHIFT

(Continued from page 29)

Lodge is in Palmerton, Pennsylvania. It is totally geared to swinging and making swinging contacts. Although Wally Rogers, the present owner and manager, doesn't believe in mixing his sexuality with his business he does believe in people doing their own thing. On a tour of the grounds and facilities he put me right at ease saying, "If you see anything shocking . . . please . . . go home and tell your girlfriends!"

Of the places for swingers to go in the northeast, Sunny Rest is one of the most stimulating and unique. Nestled in the hills of Pennsylvania's scenic countryside, it has the advantage of being both secluded and easy to reach. The grounds are attractively landscaped and well tended. The cabins are clean and comfortable, with bath and shower, and some have cooking facilities as well. There are also dormitory rooms and motel units in addition to the cabins. Some trailer space is available.

The large pool is the center of daytime activity. Management thoughtfully provides lounge chairs for sunning. The dining hall, where delicious breakfasts and dinners are served family style, and the snack bar open directly onto the pool area. A few hundred yards up the road is a complex of buildings that house the sauna, whirlpool, game and television rooms, and the night club. The whirlpool holds 12 people comfortably and is one of the most stimulating I have ever tried.

Night time activities center around the night club. The policy is bring your own booze with set-ups provided. The night club consists of three rooms. The front room is dominated by a piano and the bar. Here people dance to the music provided by professional caliber entertainment. In the second room there are tables for sitting around and chatting and drinking. The third room is covered in wall to wall foam rubber.While no overt sexuality is allowed in thenight club, couples often stretch out here for some necking.

Dress, which is optional the rest of the time, is required in the club. It ranges from see-through dresses and brief shorts to sports jackets and cocktail dresses. The atmosphere is informal and friendly. If you're looking to score, the night club is a very persuasive atmosphere, but not a pressured one.

Further up the road, if you follow the main trail, there is a cleared square of land where small planes once landed. Though it's not used anymore, the view of the surrounding hills and valleys is breathtaking. There are also numerous hiking trails that crisscross the 76 acres of property.

After breakfast everyone lies around the pool soaking up some sun. Although many people were nude I was surprised at the number of people wearing bathing suits. With so much nudity it becomes a turn-on to see bathing suits. As many as 300 people may show up on a hot, sunny week-end. It's a pretty mixed crowd.

Sunny Rest was selected as the site for the "First East Coast Swingers Convention". Sex is confined to private areas between consenting adults with the idea, therefore, of making it comfortable for families with children too. They are open from April through Sep-

September. Sunny Rest has a week-end package rate that includes all grounds fees, accomodations and meals. Contact them for more detailed information, directions and rates at: Sunny Rest Lodge, Rural Delivery #1, Box 95, Palmerton, PA. 19071. (215) 377-2911. Remember, tell them where you read it!

***

Trips to places like Sunny Rest often mean meeting in- like our swinger couple interview of the month, Jody and Butch. Jody is a nurse, and Butch is a student. They are a very attractive young couple who, at this time, are just getting into swinging.

THE SLAVE TRADE

(Continued from page 24)

But, nevertheless, a curiously difficult one to work with. Just as humanity never succeeded in overcoming the flesh, the present generation has not yet succeeded in overcoming hate.

What is the weekness of the new morality? Why has it produced guilt and backlash instead of peace on earth? Is it too different from the old morality or too similar?

One thing it *does* have in common with the old fashioned values is that it *is* a dichotomy. It *does* still split the world of human behavior into good and evil. Any system of thought that creates a duality of good and evil is bound to produce guilt. Any system of thought that creates a duality of good and evil is a system of thought that does not accept humanity as it is.

I am now coming dangerously close to sounding like the conservatives who say that human nature is fixed and there is nothing you can do about it. These conservatives are just a step away from the fascists who glorify this "human nature". But fascists are strangely reminiscent of the liberals in their insistence on promoting just one side of human behavior. They just insist on the *opposite* set of values than the ones insisted on by the liberals. But both groups are dividing humanity into good and evil. Both are creating a war within the human soul. Each is making the side of human behavior it is suppressing look highly attractive. Perhaps the whole liberal movement, with its inspirational view of egalitarianism, grew out of last generation's efforts to suppress that side of human nature.

Dualism is a very subtle thing. It creeps in when you hardly notice it and then it takes over. The opposite of dualism is acceptance of the self as a whole. But what did I just say? "The opposite of . . . " See what I mean?

Nevertheless, without human acceptance, we will always be guilty and hostile. Human acceptance is very difficult to achieve. To achieve it at all, we must get rid of our most cherished ideologies. We must forget what we think *ought* to be and just dig what is. And if we fail in our attempt to be non-judgmental, we must accept *that* in ourselves as well. Sounds almost impossible, doesn't it? Takes all the fun out of life, doesn't it? Yes, let's admit while we're at it that it is *fun* to pass judgements and to see oneself on the side of the angels. It's so much fun, in fact, that the only way out of it is to realize how such games are limiting and restricting of reality. It may be even more fun to discover what is really happening in the world.

What is happening anyway? I was raised to see the world as a simple place where most people are sane and good and where monstrous things were only done by monstrous people, who were, by definition, a tiny handful. Oh, bad things went on in Germany and Russia, but our own American boys could never be like that. So I believed implicitly. I was shocked by the revelations concerning Vietnam and Kitty Genovese, not to mention Willowbrook and Attica.

In the light of this disillusionment, it is easy to cop out and say, along with the conservatives, that nothing can be done. We are rotten. It's our nature. We have to live with it and count on the institutions of society to keep our rottenness in check. It's also easy to embrace moral nihilism and just become as soulless as we feel everyone else is. Why be a sucker? Everyone else is doing it.

Compared to the atmosphere of cynicism, the atmosphere of liberalism is as refreshing as a spring breeze. Better to give my life for a lie than to believe in nothing. I am an idealist and a utopian at heart anyway. But my very idealism won't let me accept a lie. The only solution to this paradox; the only way to avoid being judgemental on the one hand and cynical on the other hand is to admit that all of the evils of the world are in oneself. To admit that the guilt is our own and, furthermore, to FORGIVE OURSELVES for everything. We have to forgive ourselves or no one else will forgive us. If we can't forgive ourselves, we might as well despair. There is no other help. Those who believe in God can say, "God forgives us." It comes down to the same thing. Once we accept ourselves as we are, we can change. Until we do so, change is impossible. Only repression is possible and that prevents change. Repression produces guilt and backlash and that's all.

What does all this have to do with S/M? We sadomasochists are in a peculiar position with respect to the revolution in values. Because S/M is so paradoxical in itself (what could be more paradoxical than pleasure/pain), it proves a stumbling block for all systems of thought that try to be logical and all inclusive. The liberal ideologies are no exception to this rule. Black liberation, woman's liberation, and gay liberation have all been introduced and, in time, accepted as, at least, legitimate movements. Then we confronted them with S/M liberation. They did not know how to react. On the other hand, everyone is entitled to liberation. On the other hand, S/M embodies all those things liberalism is against: dominance and submission; torture of the flesh—the flesh that was going to redeem the world, (Footnote: At the height of their indignation, liberals sputter, "But it's anti-hedonistic!"), aggression acted out. Their worst nightmares come to life. Yet here we are speaking the language of liberalism, demanding the same acceptance that other minorities are demanding. Ti-Grace Atkinson has called "S/M liberation" a "liberation" only in the sense that the word can also mean "rip-off". And all this hostility even though we only preach consentual relationships!

No one will successfully suppress S/M. They would do better to learn from S/M. To learn about themselves. They might learn the very lessons needed to make this a better world. S/M doesn't threaten the world. It does threaten our self-concept.

The first lesson we can learn from S/M *is* that guilt is a reality of life.

Cruelty is another reality of life. People are fascinated with suffering. The popularity of the *New York Daily News* is proof enough of that. Many people not only want to see suffering. They also want to inflict it. Society has sensibly banded together for the common protection against people wantonly inflicting suffering on innocent victims. Some people are enlightened enough to look for others who are willing to be victims. They pose no threat to society. They are able to explore their own cruelty and still remain ethical. In order to keep up a relationship with a willing victim, they have to be able to give; to care. Thus their very cruelty is humanized. The M who feels guilty, perhaps, because of a fear of love, learns to confront the harsh demands of the S's love; learns the hard lessons of sacrifice involved in loving another person.

Do liberals know this lesson? The answer is "NO!" Because this is where acceptance comes in. To love another person you must first look at all his faults. You must see them and acknowledge them. An M who knows how cruel his S is and still loves him, REALLY loves. A person who "loves" humanity and refuses to accept people as they are is a hypocrate.

Revolution

(Continued from page 66)

scene in the big bed in Las Vegas, where the two couples, having boozily made it to the underwear stage, look at each other with self-righteous repulsion—and get dressed? Responses like that are ancient history to Ed and Linda and Ike and Diana and Candy and Luigi, who communicate with each other with irressible sexual warmth and a personalized passion kept moving as long as flesh will respond.

It's hard to say what really makes a community like this work. It's always been a fantastic idea, towards which the clumsy premises of swinging, swapping and suburban switches have groped for the past few years. The hassle is that even the most libidinal of us don't turn on at the same speed with the same stimuli. The false cheeriness of instant intimacy has tried to deny all this, plus the real jealousy and emotional suffering of the halfway liberated. It turns out that a great sex life isn't exactly what the orgy ethic promised in those early encounters; when things didn't work out precisely as fantasized, a lot of people fell back on the make-do tenets of monogamy, with or without the license. That it doesn't have to be like that is attested to by the flagrant fulsomeness of the *Star* family, who *have* overcome.

The *Star* is done totally for, by, with and between the readers, many of whom send in splendidly detailed letters about their sexual progress. The letters are full of misspellings and curious emotional responses, such as that of Bruce, who loves doing highway blow-jobs on surfers and squeezing "until that look of ecstasy and anguish comes over their freckled faces." Surfers really turn Bruce on. Something about their "clean bodies and developed chests, kissed by the waves of mother ocean." However, we know Bruce will never go out and rape and pillage or shoot up or buy Patti Smith records, with a juicy sex life like this to keep those inner chords twanging.

The *Star* has a highly literate staff, and their description of their own orgies and private scenes are gold nuggets in contemporary erotic literature because, mainly, they are all writers and other unemployable humanities graduates. Reader contributions, au contraire, are as raw and direct as a fist fuck in one of Jack Deveau's films. In an issue otherwise devoted to enemas, Cycle Sluts, transvestites and a menopausal marauder who winds up seducing her (adopted) son, Black Billy gives us the real lowdown on his search for carnal communion in and around Carson California. "First let me tell you I'm a black male, age 28 yrs. old with a 9 inch dick that stay's hard all the time. I hadn't had any pussy in about a week my dick was hard and my nuts were aching." Pulling up to a humble taco stand in Gardena, he's confronted by a beauteous Oriental girl who asks if he's looking for some fun . . . in particular, the kind her photographer husband had in mind. "So I says hel yess." Dinner plans are instantly abandoned as "her husband, I'll call him Chang, tell me, take off your clothes soul brother, let me see your cock. But before I could get my pants down his wife Kim had my big '9' dick in her hand squeezing it with some kind of lubricant, show did feel good. Oriental women are the best fucks there is."

This gives the newspaper a pungent reality that its predecessors have lacked. Far from feeling alienated from the sexual mainstream, *Star* contributors cherish their own aberrations, which should be some sort of lesson to us all. They are so proud of them that they demand to immortalize them in photo and print. A lady dominant who came in out of the cold of mere man-hating ("I couldn't get what I yerned for with plain straight men") gets up the courage to slink into an S&M ball, collects a new slave, brings him home and ties him up "with my new chains from my longery drawer," abuses him in grand style and gets the hoped-for response: "It made me feel really horny and mean. I loved it."

Realer than this you cannot get, no matter how you "yern" for it. "Sensuality is revealing yourself," insist the editors, who feel they have "no right" to censor or edit the letters. "We decided to let (them) speak for themselves, without superimposing our college English on the straight, blunt words of people who dared to say the truth about themselves." This charming woodstockian ethic has brought them some fifteen police busts for smut, however, busts which may not have been provoked without the S&M bondage photos and other heavy-duty affronts to public morality.

Paul Eberle's blazing honesty has caused the rabid, right-wing anti-smut fascisti—a viciously mutated form that also seems to thrive in Southern California—to come down heavily on the paper, and its sister publications, *Finger, Suck, Love* and *Ooh*. He has responded to this inquisition by listing the personal perversions (Mike likes boys—very young boys) of his tormentors, and we know instinctively that he's not fabricating a single secret grappling. Considering the recent SCREW persecution in Wichita, where the full force of the governmental judicial process has been loosed upon a publication which credos (but in definitely less appealing terms) the same "Loving well is the best revenge" ethic, one wonders what will become of *The Star* and its merry pranksters of porn. Why should such a sane and positive publication have so many natural enemies in the Swinging Seventies? Its most unnatural enemy is, savagely enough, the weirded-out remnants of the Manson clan, who have threatened the "dirty" paper with statements like, "We are going to make your bedroom look like a butcher shop." There are still a number of people nationwide who insist Mansion was framed for the Tate-La Bianca murders by brainwashed ex-followers who were granted immunity by their testimony; others found his vengeful manipulations of dozens of eager, totally submissive hiplets worthy of hero-worship, and became fans. The abuse of power has always fascinated the powerless. Anyway, their particular complaint against the *Star*, in the words of Sandra Goode, is: "A lot of fifteen-year-olds pick it up—and that stuff is sick! You stop that—you're being watched. Don't broadcast that sickness out. Let those people stay in the closet and work their own sickness out. I've got 2,000 kids out there all over the country, and I don't want you putting that stuff in their minds. . . . don't project it into the minds of innocent people!"

"There *are* no innocent people!" responds the *Star*, explaining that everyone has fantasies and sex dreams that could make them withdraw if they aren't brought out in the open. After a bit of internal wrangling, in which it is revealed that Eberle, writing of the Mansion group in 1970, always gave them a fair break in his stories . . . and that, as a matter of fact, these people go way back in their respective obsessions . . . the Manson girl lays down the threat that his wife Shirley will be "cleaned up with hatchets" if they don't change the paper.

Any street hooker can detail the age-old alliances between the working cop and the "offenders" he's supposed to be keeping in line. Taken to the tenth power, the possibility of a link-up between a repressive and reactionary city government and a bunch of power-mad creeps such as the new Mansonites to destroy a liberating element such as the Star goes way beyond the normal anti-establishment paranoia. Instead of being slowly ground down with repeated obscenity busts and escalating legal costs, why not perish in a blood bath where nothing can be proved? The idea chills the blood, but it makes gory sense. That the happy *Star* family of gently lust-crazed liberationists should be in any way threatened must be a painful thought to any sincere reader. All the traditional complaints against porn—that it is cheap, dehumanizing, anonymous, robotized and hard as hell to imitate unless you've been into gymnastics since the fourth grade—are defeated in one crotch-warming stroke with the opening page of any of the *Star* publications. This is what real people look like fucking and sucking and running riot with their nerve endings in glorious technicolor, and their repression would sadly diminish us all.

Honey W Midnite

(Continued from page 42)

with the tiny, innocent nose and the green-glass eyes made him feel lusty and shameless. Her silence set her apart from the world of accountability. So he tormented her. On a drowsy afternoon while his wife was at work at the cotton mills, he raped her. He bound her tiny wrists behind her back and forced himself between her barren legs. She was eleven then. In the course of two years, he abused her at least a hundred times. Painfully, Honey tried to make her misery clear to her mother. But what little her mother understood, her father dismissed as imaginary. Honey remembers vividly the rainy Sunday when the truth was revealed. Weeping bitterly her mother trooped through the rows of corn growing in the back yard, mindless of the mud and miserably detached from the sobbing girl who refused to let go of her hand. Despite her degradation, she just didn't want to go away. Where else could she be sure of a little warmth, one pair, at least, of gentle hands? After that she spent her days cloistered with a relative of her foster mother's until the woman returned each evening from the mills. Later on, her foster mother took a job at the school for the deaf where Honey was enrolled, learned the language of Honey's hands, and spent as much time with her as she could.

Honey watched the other adolescents with jealous longing. They were sure of their names, their parents, their brothers, their aunts and uncles. Her feeling of rootlessness was a cancerous distraction that made her unable to study and incorrigible in a classroom. Finally, she was brought before the superintendent, whose simple analysis was that she had to be put in touch with her own people. She needed to learn the truth about the past to arrest her endless daydreaming. With that foundation she might be able to establish a sense of herself and put an end to her nervous shivering and her mischief.

Honey met her father when she was sixteen years old. He had been in and out of the state mental hospital since the incident thirteen years before, and he had nothing to offer the desperate teen-ager but the polite, vacant gaze of a frightened and unstable man. His brothers, however, were delighted with the pretty girl whose only flaw appeared to be the occasional raw sounds that rattled in her throat. And how bad could that be? Their own women had enough to say as it was. But the reunion was short-lived. In November of that year, all of the brothers were killed in an automobile accident.

Life continued as before, the angonies of adolescence compounded by soundlessness, a relentless fear of never belonging, and the furtive strokes of her foster father's hand under the dinner table. Bright lights flickered on occasion. Honey was crowned homecoming queen, and a boy, a year ahead of her in school, was gentler than the others when he touched her.

Honey was eighteen when she married him. He had graduated, she had not. But she wanted new possibilities, which was all he ever really offered since she didn't love him—just hoped she would. As a husband, he was irresponsible, content to loll idly in the house bought with his wife's money, and temperamental enough to fire his revolver at her when her resentment flared. As a father, he was apathetic and uninterested. "I wanted to leave him many times. But I had the kids. And I know what it's like with no parents." So she stayed as if they were a family, working twelve hours a day in the textile mill, papering her walls, sewing her clothes, and harvesting her tomatoes.

He ran after other women, so she took off for the mountains, according to her own version of an eye for an eye, with a coworker, who was, in fact, her first genuine infatuation. Honey was then twenty-four. But the warmth and the affection that she felt when he put his tongue to her cunt, the first man to ever do that for her, wasn't compensation enough for the flagrant hostility at home and a bizarre onslaught of anonymous phone calls threatening more rapes and molestation. Hysterical, sleepless with fear, she gobbled a bottle of pills and was only rescued by the clear-headedness and quick responses of her own son. For the remainder of her marriage, she torpedoed through a series of three nervous breakdowns until the ground finally settled under her feet again and a sympathetic doctor encouraged her to leave her husband.

The aridness of her middle twenties was offset by an operation that restored her hearing and a bittersweet reunion with her mother in Florida. The woman was ecstatic at the sight of her mature, well-mended daughter, profoundly relieved that she loved her, but totally unchanged. After one week she was cranky. Her grandchildren annoyed her, imposed themselves, hungry or in need of a bath, on her egocentric solitude. One evening she hit Honey's daughter unmercifully. Honey screamed, and her mother promptly threw her and her children out of the house.

Barely able to master her own feelings day to day, Honey left her children with her foster mother in North Carolina, abandoned the contaminated air of the mills, and drove towards Florida in search of work. Despite her bleak reality, the viper of misfortune that seemed to pursue her, Honey maintained a playfulness, a confidence in her femininity, if in nothing else. When a state trooper stopped her for fleeing at 90 miles an hour, she simply raised her skirt and wriggled her panties down to her knees. The cop stayed long enough to devour the sight and departed with the blank ticket crumpled in his hand.

For a brief interlude, Honey shoveled asphalt and drove a truck for the Florida highway commission. But, unencumbered by husband or children, she gave in to her childhood fantasies of being a showgirl. With a little encouragement from a friend, Honey donned a g-string and danced.

Something instinctive, almost extrasensory, told Honey to keep dancing, to trundle north with her scanty costumes and let her dismal past die quietly in the south. She even dreamed about a drummer, a supportive, kindred spirit, who was waiting for her there. So she hitched a ride to New York, which, because of her rashness and her hopeless naivete, landed her without suitcase or cash in the gloominess of Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania. But by dancing, with the go-go girl's aura of self-possession, which she only felt when she was half-dressed and when men's eyes were fixed on her breasts bobbing freely, she made her way to the Catskill night spots. She survived the exploitation of the men who employed her and discovered with the same dogged will that she could chuck her tiny g-string without embarrassment if she had to.

Since that time, Honey has been a stripper. She has even done a strip sequence in a film, *The Devil and a Woman*. Her world revolves around her one unflagging resource, her seductivity. She has made ten loops for the porn houses. Her exhibitionism brings her moments, however fleeting, of the attention and approval she has always been looking for. But what enables her to writhe naked in the spotlight has never protected her from harm. The invincibility she projects on stage belies her vulnerability to the world outside. She was raped in her home in Queens several years ago. Two men blackened her eyes and rammed their cocks between her constricted thighs after following her home from work one night. Somehow, she seemed to court ugliness. Nothing in her life had ever taught her how to avoid it. In desparation she called a lanky, pleasant-faced man she had met while he was doing a gig as drummer in a Queens motel. The man was Lord Duncan. She liked his blue-gray eyes and the way he laughed good-naturedly when she said she was from "Icaly" to explain away her speech defect. "Where is Icaly?" "Icaly. You know—pizza." "Oh, Italy." "Yeah, Icaly." He smiled, bought her a drink anyway, and left his number.

The pretty ladies are everywhere. They walk side to side as much as forward, and they forget a certain button or knot their blouses above their waists. There's plenty of allure on the streets to take home and play with and then toss aside. But Lord, despite his reservations about giving up his freedom, found himself growing more and more attached to Honey. Her helplessness demanded firm, almost paternal supervision. A terrifying responsibility for anyone to assume. But Honey's devotion is as lusty as the rhythms of her body, and Lord's protection has been amply rewarded with her unswerving love, no matter who touches her body. That kind of woman is not so easy to find.

Their relationship is solid. Honey works seven days a week and Lord manages her. They both understand the rules. They belong to each other and they do not countenance extramarital affairs. Honey coils her fist and grates her teeth angrily when she recalls Lord's too-evident pleasure at the sight of other naked woman, pink as seashells, in a men's magazine. She doesn't want to know about, doesn't want to feel his attraction to anyone else. One man, one meaningful relationship is what she wants. It helps, more than anything else, to numb the past.

Stripping is her work, their bread and butter, and the nameless men grappling with her body are the best means that she knows of to the end called survival. Certainly she can detach her feelings from her body. And who can criticize this capacity of hers? How many of us and how many times do we flaunt our sexuality, give it away like alms. Today's social scene is teeming with emotionless sex, people looking for superficial pleasures and little ego boosts as quick and artificial as instant mashed potatoes. The major difference is that detachment is what Honey's job calls for. Her human relationships are another matter. To them she is committed and responsible, old-fashioned some might say. Honey's style of sexual liberation isn't couched in intellectual explanations that draw the blanket over the surface hypocrisy. She's good at what she does, she likes doing it, and she makes a living at it. It's clear where she stands. She's honest, and there's dignity in that. She'll tease your cock if you want her to, but that's your affair and you will have to pay for it. Then again, unlike others, she actually produces, a little white cunt juice, but that too will cost you. Only masturbation, which runs a poor second, can offer what she offers—titillation without reprisals. Here is the fresh challenge, the evasive set of well-shaped legs that need to be straddled, renewing itself and ever eager to provoke without any effort or care on your part. When Honey dances, when she spreads her legs, she is Woman without any of her human frailty.

Honey has her aspirations. She wants to be a filmstar. Like any one else, in order to succeed she's trying to find a way around the weaknesses in her character, trying to offset her past failures by working hard. In doing so, she has learned to use the baser truths that she understands all too well—the incest, the undisguised lust, the power of those who have over those who want—just like others use textbooks. She conjures up all these things for you—you can pick your favorite from your own background—when she wiggles her behind, and she is exploiting them for her own commercial success. In essence, she is exploiting her past, just like the rest of us do, if we are clever enough. On stage the tables are turned. Finally, Honey Midnite, graduate from the world of the deaf, isn't the vulnerable one anymore. She is avenging her past and her audience keeps coming back for more.

KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 26)

into the pool. That was it! In a few minutes lots more evening gowns were given the heave as guests grabbed their drinks and jumped in. I expected the fuzz to raid at any moment. "Now just relax, babe," said John, leaning back to take in the whole sexy scene.

Now this was really *Hollywood*! The soft lights bounced off the ceiling as couples started balling in the pool as casually as if they were home in bed. It is definitely easier in the shallow end. And I had to hand it to 'em—there wasn't an uptight twitch in the joint.

I really couldn't control myself when I saw some chick try out my specialty underwater, I mean without the song. I grabbed John's arm, zipped off my gown and dove in. By this time I have really spectacular breath control.

Soon the band quit playing, put down their instruments and leapt in. Golly, was I in my element. Somebody got up and announced that we were all free to move into any of the rooms upstairs. We may not be so sophisticated in the midwest, but we sure as heck know how to party.

But as I say, there's always some dude who has to be shown up close. One wild night in my favorite bar, the End Zone, two men came in, West Coast high rollers. They were complaining about the lack of action although of course they hadn't bothered looking for it. One was a big hamburger millionaire and the other was his attorney. Two of my friends, male, very prominent, which in my opinion is the only way to be, got into a conversation and told them we had it all. They didn't believe.

Within a half hour we had a party organized. A full-scale swingers' orgy, with these two at the head of the parade in their rental car driving out to the apartment. We really blew their minds away. Well, actually, the burger-king's mind—his attorney fell asleep early on.

The star of the evening was a lovely barmaid who was so hot and anxious, the guys were lining up to screw her on the couch. On the floor next to her, an equally pretty blonde was giving the host a great head job, while a couple a few feet away were getting into a lot of arty sixty-nine. The guest of honor dropped his jaw. And then his pants, as he was offered "first choice" at all activities—whichever way turned him on. Guys who run around screaming that they're not getting any never have any imagination, and this dude was no exception. He kept walking around with his mouth hanging open, muttering "I don't believe it." After a while our horny hospitality got the best of us, and we dragged him into a bedroom for a game I invented, Grossopoly. It's always such a great ice-breaker. We explained the rules while we stripped off the rest of his clothes and four of us got him down on the bed. He kept smiling and nodding his head. After that he was too busy keeping up his end as part of a trio, quartet and quintet, in that order. When we'd put him through his final spasm and he lay there panting, he said, "Listen, I've gotta get my lawyer—he'll never believe this."

He didn't. As he staggered in with the sleep still in his eyes to this mellow scene of naked bodies everywhere, he really freaked. Have you ever seen a speechless attorney? There were some great porn performances right in front of him, surrounded by shameless voyeurs, a photographer and one naked lady trying to cook breakfast. It was all too much for him. I wonder what they do for kicks on the coast?

Don't get the idea it's all multiple orgies out here. Trios and foursomes are very popular on a much more personal level, especially with couples who get a little turned off by the party scene. A guy, for example, who's kind of competitive with other men won't really make it at a party so he'll go for a scene with two women. If he's a little looser he can handle one with his woman and another man, or another complete couple. The sheer pleasure of two men can be fabulous for a woman, in my opinion, if they can be free enough with one another. I especially like it when my man can get off on watching his friend get *me* off. People I really like to know know how to share.

And it's really great to think there's so many of them running around my old home town. I mean, you don't have to swing to be socially acceptable in Kansas City—but you'll sure as heck find a lot of friends if you do.

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

(Continued from page 27)

bored with your sex life? Have you ever thought within yourself, "I'm tired of being aggressive. Would I ever love to have someone ravish me, come on super-aggressive with me, make love to me with such passionate force, that I would have no choice but to submit."

Or, if you prefer, think of it from the other side of the fence. Perhaps, you are an aggressive personality by nature. Do you then find yourself sometimes in one of your periods of boredom, your fantasies tending toward being a total aggressor. Think of it, the idea of taking your love partner, for whom you have not only exceptional desire, but *respect* as an individual, as an object of humiliation. "I could devour you. I need *you* so badly; *you*, not just anyone. I want to tie you up and make you submissive only to me. Hide you away, so that no man or woman can infiltrate my territory, having no one else take care of you, either physically, or emotionally, other than myself."

Now answer yourself honestly. Do either of those personalities turn you on? In every heterosexual or homosexual relationship, straight or kinky, there is a common element, a dominant and a submissive. Sado masochistic games have no other purpose, except to encourage these roles from the mildly aggressive and submissive to the intense passions of sadism and masochism! As children, we play, and in that play, we are encouraged by adults to fantasize. They say it's healthy. They claim it's a necessary escape from the anxieties and pressures that our society imposes on us and we upon ourselves. It's true, a child needs a fantasy world as a refuge from the harsh realities of everyday life; and those who are allowed to fulfill this need, grow up more emotionally secure,

On the other hand, there are many ways of playing this game that do not even employ physical pain.

What happens to us when we become adults? Why do we cease playing? Why do we stop fantasizing? Why do we deprive ourselves as adults of the emotional haven we encourage in our children?

Sado-masochism is nothing more than a game, a game that is not much different from the cowboys and Indians, the cops and robbers that our youngsters play. It is a game of escape and not a game of how badly I can hurt you. It's a game that permits us for a little while to be ourselves, without the facade that we erect to protect ourselves from being judged abnormal, and thus experience rejection, and perhaps serious damage to our psyches.

The word sadism is defined as the infliction of pain upon a *love object* as a means of obtaining sexual release; and masochism as a sexual passion characterized by pleasure in being abused. The dictionary definition of the above "so called" aberrations is more extreme than the actual playing of these roles. In a true S/M scene in which the conditions are controlled, the satisfaction the dominant experiences is also determined by the pleasurable response of the submissive, even in the midst of what seems to be on the surface a painful situation.

I think that it would take an extremely masochistic individual to deny himself the satisfaction of his needs in the first place. If playing games contributes toward his happiness, then, to deny himself that happiness is playing the role of sadist on himself.

We have a tendency to fear what we do not understand and sadomasochism has been almost universally condemned without a hearing. It is time for the closet door to be opened.

I guess one of the most difficult things about sadomasochism is the formation of the rules. This is a necessity. There are basic common dos and don'ts for those of us who like to play these games. The first and foremost of these ideas being—do not play with someone you do not know! Would you go to

Second rule, for lack of better word. There should be mutual consent on the part of both partners. Each should be in total agreement with one another as to how the game ought to be played.

Third, the game should be played, and this is important, between consenting adults. Another point which is valuable to consider is that you do not lay your trip on people who are not into the scene. This is an invasion of the third person's privacy, especially if he or she is not into the scene.

Love is the very core of human existence and whatever measure of human happiness we enjoy comes to us only so far as we are capable of loving. On the other hand, love brings pain which no one can avoid, however much he or she tries. Joined to pain is humiliation and behind the two is the root, the struggle for power. Our sexual needs are bound up with all of these forces and are expressed through and by means of them.

A dominant person in his/her search for love, seizes the reigns of power in whatever sexual relationship he/she enters into, as a means of bringing about the fusion of his/her will with that of his/her slave. Pain and humiliation are the tools we use to achieve these ends. The S's ego gain and the M's ego loss serve love's purpose and cause an enhancement and enrichment of the love experience for both.

BOUND FOR GLORY

(Continued from page 38)

impossible to miss an erect penis sticking out of some guy's fly in the audience."

Part of her success as a stripper came with the discovery of her "gimmick": a fresh banana. *("I do a whole mime routine about giving head. I take a banana and whirl my tongue around the tip and bite into it and work it up and down in my mouth until it breaks. They love it. They want encores. I have trouble keeping myself in fresh bananas."*

She posed for these S/M *("S-and-M? What's that?")* pictures because somebody told her that's what the magazines were publishing this year. She'll do practically anything to win that crown. *("I'd never tried S/M before. It's a 'different' experience.")*

Now, she's incorporated an S/M sequence into her strip act. She comes on in a Girl Scout dress and ends up getting fucked with a billy club. It's chilling to watch her audiences go apeshit as she yells and cries.

She digs adulation. *("I like being attractive and being told I'm sexy.")*

When you ball her, use the female-dominant position, please. *("It's easier for the girl to be on the top.")*

She did not inherit her open sensuality from her nudist background. *("You don't go to a nudist camp to have sex. My folks were always warning me that the 'wolves' were 'out to get me.'")*

She enjoys boy-watching. *("I feel a stirring of emotion when I see a guy's body. I dig the way they're laid out.")*

She prefers hairy men.

She is not into porn or voyeuristic sex. *("I get more out of a Gothic novel than a dirty book.")*

It was as a result of her stripping that she got into the Miss All-Bare pageant. *("Lisa, last year's winner, came to the theatre I was working at in Philly. She told me what a great experience it was. I signed up right away!")*

If it were legal, she just might perform in live sex shows. *("But it's illegal, as you know. . . .")*

Her drive for stardom will peak on September 7 when the All-Bare pageant opens at New York's Beacon Theatre. *("Tell your readers to come there and root me in.")*

Two hours later, the judges will deliver a verdict on her looks and talent. She has one vote already.

Ours.

DEEP FIST

(Continued on page 51)

from, anyway, Sioux Falls?

ANNIE: I used to work in massage places in Tucson, Arizona.

PETER: Arizona? They really have sex in Arizona?

ANNIE: Definitely.

PETER: Give me a typical massage parlor scene.

ANNIE: Okay . . . you've gotta understand, we all worked out of trailers there. The phone would ring all day long. Maybe one call in twenty is serious. But then, the guy comes, in his pickup and his cowboy suit . . . and then, I guess it's the same as anywhere.

PETER: Not with a body like yours, it isn't. Didn't you get any specific, and hopefully filthy, requests? For instance, didn't guys want you to mother them a lot?

ANNIE: No . . . not too much. But I will say, a lot of guys just wanted to look at me. As soon as I took off my clothes they'd come. The other ones. . . . I'd give them a massage with my breasts all over. Their shoulders,, their back, a general tit massage which works very well if you're as big as I am. I'd go all over their thighs and stomach, everywhere but the cock, maybe just touch it lightly.

PETER: Go . . . on . . .

ANNIE: Okay, and then. . . . well, I'd put some spit between my tits and let them position themselves in there while they're holding me. I'm facing them, because it turns out that's the most comfortable way.

PETER: What exactly is weird about that?

ANNIE: No, the weird part is, they don't know what to do with it! It's so new . . . they . . . fall in love with you, they want to hang out in the trailer even after the session is over. I guess it was really lonely out there.

PETER: Are you originally from Arizona?

ANNIE: No, L.A. I moved to Arizona with my first guy . . . he was a motorcycle guy, not a heavy biker. We lived at Rancho la Novita, it's a kind of commune for artists out in the desert. We lived in a log cabin with a pot-bellied stove . . . it was great. But then I split from him and became a super-hippie, a real street freak . . .

PETER: How come?

ANNIE: Oh . . . I'd been very patient with this guy, but after three months I just went crazy. I fucked everybody there. It was great! When I first started having all that sex I was so excited I decided to keep a list of my first ten lovers. I really wanted to remember. . . . I didn't know if you forgot things like that or not. I was just so thrilled. So I wrote down the first ten and put it in my important papers file, which was an oatmeal box and I thought wow! that's it. But then I had ten more. . . .

PETER: In what space of time?

ANNIE: The first ten were about two weeks . . . but then, I moved out from the rancho into Tucson and got my own place and met a group of guys who lived in this big house, and tried them all.

PETER: At once?

ANNIE: No, but . . . after the second ten then I met these two guys and we all did get it on together. And it was pretty special so I wrote that one down, too. In three months, the list got up to around fifty, but I was still so wild about it I didn't know where it would stop. I was learning so much, and I was really getting into people. . . .

PETER: How? By balling a lot of guys or by balling some guys a lot of times?

ANNIE: All the ways. I'd move in with them or they'd move in with me, and I used to hitchhike a lot. One time when I was hitching back to L.A. I got caught with this Marine drill sergeant who drove me crazy, so I got out at a gas station and decided I'd wait till something really nice came alone. Sure enough this Mustang pulled up in the next half hour with five guys and the tape cassette blasting and a big bottle of Tequila and some kind of downs I can't remember. And all five of them wound up on my list of the first fifty.

PETER: Inside the Mustang?

ANNIE: No, about 20 miles outside Tucson. They were all from Florida and they were really freaking out—they'd never seen the mountains before!

PETER: And then your mountains appeared on the horizon!

ANNIE: Oohh . . . haha . . .

PETER: That was my Bob Hope imitation.

ANNIE: No, seriously, the mountains of Arizona! They were asking me how long it would take to climb them and . . .

PETER: And this led naturally to a gang-bang.

ANNIE: No, they just kind of pulled off to the side of the road. By this time I was pretty high . . . I'm not really into drugs but you know, now and then. Anyway suddenly there was a blanket on the sand and I said, Oh, it's so pretty here in the desert and took off all my clothes. It seemed such a natural thing to do. I remember there was no conversation then, at all.

PETER: Were they respectful towards you?

ANNIE: No. But I loved it! I really got so excited! I'm glad I did. I don't know how groovy it would have been if I'd have objected. I really was crazy about sex then . . . funny I'm not anymore, not nearly as much. Boy, those were the good old days.

PETER: Is that what turned you off to it? The physicality of the five guys, or their attitude, or afterwards. . . .

ANNIE: No . . . you know I used to love picking up people and making it with them, even if I didn't know their name. For, like, a year and a half I was really into that. But then after a while it got to be a real chore, having sex with someone I didn't know. It became really important to know him first.

PETER: Didn't you ever wish you could get that old freedom back?

ANNIE: Oh yeah! It's not over . . . I'll get it back! That's why I'm going away, right after this. It's just that . . . every so often I change completely. Like the time I became a super street freak, just owning the clothes I had on, not working, living by smuggling marijuana up from Nogales, in Mexico. Wow, was that exciting! A lot fun. . . .

PETER: Beating the border is fun?

ANNIE: Oh no, not *me* . . . I'd just go down and set up the deal. Then these Mexicans would smuggle it across in two-pound sacks. I'd come through clean. But yeah, the one time I was almost raped and killed happened down there. It was with a bunch of the big mob guys, the middlemen. We were on their big, beautiful ranch, and they invited us to go to their private island on their private yacht and snort up their private coke stash. . . .

PETER: While they showed you their private parts.

ANNIE: Well that's my whole trip, you know . . . to try everything once. It seemed like such an exciting scene. Everybody had guns! See, in these heavy dope deals . . .

PETER: (YAWN) Is there any *sex* in this story?

ANNIE: Of course. But first things got very weird. We were drinking and doing a lot of cocaine and they were all speaking Spanish, which I sort of understand. But my girlfriend really started freaking out. There were eight of them and only two of us and she thought they were talking about murdering us, just for kicks. That's how heavy they were. Then this guy, sort of their leader, Manuel, came in and they started telling us how he'd already murdered his wife and kids. We got hysterical . . . but then, I always think very positively no matter what the situation. So I figured if we gave them a real good party and everybody had a good orgasm, they'd let us go. My girlfriend had worked as a hooker and she knew what to do. Manuel came in and fucked me in the ass for about two hours. He was incredible . . . I mean it was the coke, that made him such a stud. He fucked for about seven hours straight and didn't come once.

About six in the morning we were exhausted and still terrified. They put us in a car . . . and just drove us back to the hotel. We got the first bus out of town.

PETER: Counting these guys, how many men do you think you've had?

ANNIE: You know I did add it up lately. About 3,000 . . .

PETER: Jesus Christ!

ANNIE: Okay, you figure two a day, sometimes more, for over four years. . . . but I guess that's a lot, huh?

PETER: Have you ever heard of anyone doing *more*?

ANNIE: Oh sure! These girls in the $10 houses . . . wow, they handle forty, sixty guys a day. The most I've ever done is six or seven.

PETER: But now you've completely given up tricking.

ANNIE: It's kind of like a drug. I know it's a terrible thing but when I first got into it I was so crazy about it. All the money and the fancy dinners . . . and the fact that I was in complete control. It's an *incredible* feeling of power! Guys always saying, 'Oh, you're beautiful, your body is magnificent, you give such good head'. . . . eight or nine hours of this and you realize you can do absolutely anything you want. That's why it's so hard for a lot of girls to get away from it. . . .

PETER: Would you ever work here in New York?

ANNIE: It's very. . . . tempting. Plus I've already met one of the biggest pimps. I was walking down the street to my gynecologists' for my bi-monthly check when this red and yellow Rolls Royce pulls up beside me. This guy says, Would you like a ride? And I'll get into *any* Cadillac or Rolls. Well this guy was super-cool with all his gold rings and we talk and he gives me his number and says, "Call me, I'll take you out sometime." Didn't ask for my number at all.

So one night I was down and I did. And he really showed me what it would be like to be taken care of right. I met his girls and then we went to another pimp's place and met his girls and then over to a bar where they all hang out. Oh they really know how to treat a girl! You feel so secure . . . And it's so exciting to be with them! When they go out to bars or discos they get all the attention. . . .

PETER: That's because they're the real degenerates everyone else is trying to be.

ANNIE: Mmmm! And they love to . . . show it. I'm like that, too, a real exhibitionist. I love to freak people out. Every so often I get into cabs and have long, serious conversations with the driver and then when he asks, what are you, a secretary? I tell him I'm a prostitute. Or I'll take off my clothes in strange places. Like at a party where I don't know anybody. And on beaches. . . . always on beaches. I really don't know why I do it. But it really makes me feel great!

PETER: Maybe to have guys flip out over the size of your chest, is why.

ANNIE: You know, I never really realized what a big chest I *did* have until I did some modeling for the *National Lampoon*. Lots of photographers kept telling me to call them up because they were really looking for girls with big tits. I thought, the *National Lampoon*—far out! But I just didn't think my tits were big enough. But friends kept telling me to do it, so finally I called. I still felt insecure though—compared to Danielle, the girl they used to have—she was enormous! But when they saw me, they told me I was definitely the biggest they'd found in New York. Just think. . . . in all of New York!

The truth is I'm really only a 34D or E. And there must be bigger girls . . . but, like, I was doing these classy nude photographs for a magazine and they wanted other girls, and I tried to get girls I know, strippers and massage parlor girls. And they did *not* want to be photographed! I told them they could make movies, you can make lots more money, you can be a star. But they're local girls and they don't want their families to know. "What if Mother ever saw me?" So there they are, selling their bodies for so very little . . .

PETER: And how much do you sell yours for?

ANNIE: Oh . . . $50 to $100.

PETER: For what?

ANNIE: I mostly like to do blow jobs, because that's what I do best. This one place I used to work, we were *supposed* to fuck, but four out of five times I'd just give a guy some head and he'd be perfectly happy. Oh . . . I used to be so good. . . .

PETER: Everything you tell me is such a Willy Loman story . . . such a feeling of nostalgia for the old days.

ANNIE: At this point I'd have to say I'm just OD'ed on sex. But that old feeling will come back to me.

PETER: You've learned a lot from the sex business, though . . . as you say, you're always learning.

ANNIE: Yeah. Lots of things . . . like, did you know I can tell the size of a guy's cock, just from watching him walk? I pride myself on that. And with the guys that came into the massage parlors, eight out of ten times, I was right.

PETER: Okay, then, which Hollywood stars are the best hung?

ANNIE: I only know what I read in *Hollywood Babylon*: Charlie Chaplin and Humphrey Bogart. And I would have been wrong about both of them.

PETER: Are big cocks very important to you?

ANNIE: Oh no. Wideness is really where it's at. But sometimes I can get into just a big cock.

PETER: And what else?

ANNIE: Okay, you know who are some of the most virile guys around? Men 70 and 80 years old. I'd have some of them for five sessions in a row. They can come and come and they just don't quit! Much stronger than the young guys. I really get off on that!

PETER: You *like* old guys . . .

ANNIE: Yeah! Even when they're gross and ugly and you shudder when you go into the session, because even the *thought* is obscene. But even with the *worst* of them, I've always come out of that session with a great big smile. And I'm not the only one . . . a lot of girls really get turned on, the creepier the better . . .

PETER: Why?

ANNIE: Well for one thing you really don't have to. . . . prove yourself. You can relax much more with someone you can't stand. They'll be really grateful, no matter what you do.

PETER: Do you feel like you've been in one humiliating session too many?

ANNIE: I don't know about . . . humiliation. Some times I do feel really used, when a guy would force my head down on him and I couldn't breathe, stuff like that. But a lot of men might feel in their minds that they've taken advantage of me. But as long as *I* don't feel taken advantage of . . . it's okay.

PETER: You give the impression of being a slightly dizzy girl who—

ANNIE: Well I have been known to play dumb. That catches a lot of people off guard. In my super-hippie days I'd go up to the truckers in the bars to get in on a pool game, I used to love to gamble, and they'd look at me—are you sure you know the rules, honey? We're playing for money. And I'd say, Oh, are food stamps okay? They'd say sure—and then I'd win and they'd give me the money. Even if I lost, they were always too softhearted to take my stamps . . .

PETER: A true hustler. Did you hustle your way into the movies?

ANNIE: I got bored with being a hippie so I got a job at a movie theatre as cashier . . . only I didn't realize it was a porno house. To make a long story short, we were busted and six months later I had to appear in court with the director and the star. It was a very famous film. I made . . . quick friends with the director during our four days together and he took me to california. It was so exciting! We went to all these interviews and press conferences. We've been together about . . . a year and a half now and I have his initial tattooed on me . . . I have a tattoo fetish . . . and I think he's just great.

PETER: So why hasn't he made a film about you yet?

ANNIE: He hasn't got time. He only makes one a year, you know.

PETER: Do you think you've made any good films so far?

ANNIE: I've gotten some pretty good parts.

ANNIE: But I like making films, a lot.

PETER: How do your parents feel about that?

ANNIE: At first when I told them, they were . . . afraid. They thought I was making them for the money or because someone was forcing me to. But I kept writing and telling them what fabulous parts I was getting . . . all they really care about is if I'm happy and doing what I really want to do.

PETER: Even the massage trailers?

ANNIE: I told them about that . . . once. Then I wrote back immediately and told them I quit. That's one thing that's very hard to explain.

PETER: What kind of people are they?

ANNIE: Oh they're real good guys. They always trusted me. We trust each other. Like, on my fourteenth birthday they let me travel to Costa Rica with a friend. My mother's a teacher and my father's a social worker and teacher . . . very intelligent people, and they were very good parents They're old fashioned left-liberals.

PETER: Let me ask you—do you think sensitive parents, people who are willing to take certain chances with their children, can watch them go out and be manipulated in a world of exploitative sex? Do you think that's the point of a liberal education?

ANNIE: No, no. They wanted me to go to college. But my atitude was different. I had to travel, go off and try everything . . .

PETER: Anything in the name of experience, anything's cool? Including selling yourself?

ANNIE: No. I know I've tried prostitution much too long, and that really is a shame.

Angels With Dirty Faces

Photographs by Peter Hurd

Unlike our competitors, who specialize in the plastic, well-scrubbed look, CHERI has a preference for the sleazy-real. Our gals don't always wash—especially after the rigors of romance. Frankly, it turns us on!

Brenda

Brenda works in a bank. Brenda's boss makes demands in the vault. Brenda usually complies.

Natalie Fischman

Natalie was twice voted Homecoming Queen. She claims she's too busy studying to worry about her complexion. She could use a handkerchief.

Stella

Stella just swallowed a canary named Milton Rheingold who drives a truck. Her mother told her not to do this. Her mother also told her to mind her hygiene. Stella has a shitty memory. But a wonderful head.

Silva Janacek

Silva Janacek rarely gets out of bed. She has visiting hours from nine to five. Silva Janacek should probably live in a sty—but we love her just as she is.

The Contessa

Somebody once gave the Countess a title in return for a night of bliss. Somebody should offer her some soap and water, too. But she prefers running around in her natural state.

DIRTY TRICKS:

(Continued from page 54)

ping their flesh. Kennerly knew how to flay his girls psychologically, and his abuse of them was real enough.

He had indeed drawn blood from several hundred sweet young things. But that was not from whipping or beating—only from the hard, brutal ass-fucking of enormous swollen prick.

Even if they were in great pain, the girls knew that they had to say they loved it and wanted more. Otherwise, Kennerly would boot them out into the street, away from the seat of power.

"Power," as Henry Kissinger once remarked, "is the strongest aphrodisiac in the world." Men will crawl on their knees and kiss ass just to get next to it, at least in the psychological sense.

What made Kennerly interesting is that he understood the games of power and wanted the whole thing reduced to literal terms and acted out.

Others were content to have a cordon of "yes men" who bowed and scraped and figuratively lapped at their bosses' bungs, agreeing with anything they wanted or said, submitting totally to the executive will, eating and swallowing any shit the boss could come up with and swearing it tasted good.

Kennerly was not content with the abstract. He wanted the whole thing acted out physically.

His subordinates had to be literally fucked in the ass. They had to actually lick his asshole, and even taste and swallow any shit that might be there and lick their lips for more.

And so it was that a few days before when Micki's mouth had become tired and dry and her enthusiasm for sucking the Senator had begun to wane, she had gotten a taste of his foul temper.

"Micki," he had said, "don't you love to suck my cock?"

She hesitated slightly, then said, "Yes, of course, Senator. You know I do, only my jaws need a rest."

She was bent over on her knees, with her beautiful rounded ass sticking high in the air.

The Senator got up from his desk, walked around behind her and gave her a swift, painful kick in the ass which sent her sprawling.

"Get out, cunt," he said. "You're through."

Micki looked up at him, her beautiful blue eyes welling with tears.

"Please, Senator," she sobbed. "I love this job and I want to stay here. Please give me another chance. I'm sorry. Oh, I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you, I promise."

"Get out and send Kim in," he said.

The poor girl had left sobbing hysterically, and Kennerly did nothing to comfort her.

However, he did not fire her. He thought she had promise. If she learned her lessons well she could stick around.

And so, the morning of the voting, she was still working for Kennerly, eagerly sucking at his cock with tremendous enthusiasm.

She was determined not to fuck up again, and she began to train herself to concentrate totally on giving good head. She would not let her mind wander or her enthusiasm flag. No matter that the Senator's attention was elsewhere—watching the voting on television or talking animatedly on the telephone—she knew that her complete and undivided attention must be on his cock at all times. She was becoming adjusted to total submission and noticed a growing happiness at the strange freedom from freedom.

She had nothing to worry about except sucking that cock. As long as she did that and did it well, she knew she would have every luxury and comfort she could want.

Micki wasn't stupid. She wasn't a dumb sucking machine. She thought about all the different jobs a girl could have, and the rewards for the labor involved.

People worked damn hard to make a fifth of the money she was making. They sweated, they ran machinery, they worked in boring factories on assembly lines, they struggled with unruly schoolkids, they picked fruit.

If sucking cock and fucking was sometimes boring or monotonous, it was still a hell of a lot easier and better paid than most jobs she could think of.

There was still a lot of stupid shame connected with it, she reasoned. Someone might sell their body, their blood, their labor for a pittance, but prided themselves on the idiotic virtue that they would never fuck or suck for money.

And she decided, if she was going to fuck and suck for money, what better position than to be sucking the cock of the next President of the United States.

And so she took Kennerly's abuse without resentment and decided she was not going to fight him. She would concentrate on her work. She would excell at her work. If that work happened to be sucking Kennerly's cock, she could still take a sense of pride in how well she did her job. She was a perfectionist in all things, and she thought he was right to kick her ass for a sloppy blowjob.

As she continued to lick and suck away at his joint, Senator Kennerly continued with his phone calls. All his normal business was suspended this morning as he sweated out the results of the first ballot.

Every now and then Tom Stone would call him from the Convention Hotel to reassure him that the eight sleeping Jackman beauties were still out and dead to the world.

Back at the Convention there was chaos among the opposition forces. They had searched all over for their fucked-out leadership but were unable to find them.

No one knew about the room Tom Stone had rented where the opposition leaders still lay naked and strewn about the carpet, guarded tightly by eight massage maidens.

Frantic delegates went to their individual hotel rooms, checked all the bars, and had Barban, Soskin, Levin, Wolff, Brown, Smythe, and the others paged repeatedly at the Convention and at the hotel.

The vote finally came up and Kennerly showed the first signs of anxiety. He needed the warmth and reassurance of his office staff.

"Lonnie," he said into the intercom, "send in some of the girls. I want Kim and Connie and Judy right away."

"Yes, Sir. Right away."

The three staff members came into the inner office.

"Undress, girls," Kennerly commanded casually.

He hardly took his eyes off the TV screen as the three cutie-pies took it off.

Kim, the beautiful black girl, sat down on the edge of the couch and began rubbing his chest and playing with his nipples. She leaned over and her own nipples brushed against him. They were very dark and thick as gun barrels. He loved Kim's nipples.

And all the while Micki continued working on his cock with that skilled and enthusiastic darting pink tongue.

Walter Cronkite was reporting from the Convention Center:

"Well, here at the Convention Center, we have just learned a startling bit of news.

"According to our sources on the floor, eight leaders of the Kennerly opposition movement have not shown up for the voting this morning.

"A check was recently made of their hotel rooms, but, aides report, they seem to have disappeared. However, local police have declined to look into the situation until the delegates have been reported missing for twenty-four hours.

"In the meantime their delegations are frantic. We will continue to bring you details as we get them."

Kennerly started to chuckle. He was getting into a good mood. He reached out for Kim's hard, firm, dark nipples and began rolling them around in his fingers.

"Keep it up girls," Kennerly said, "this is a special day and I think we should celebrate."

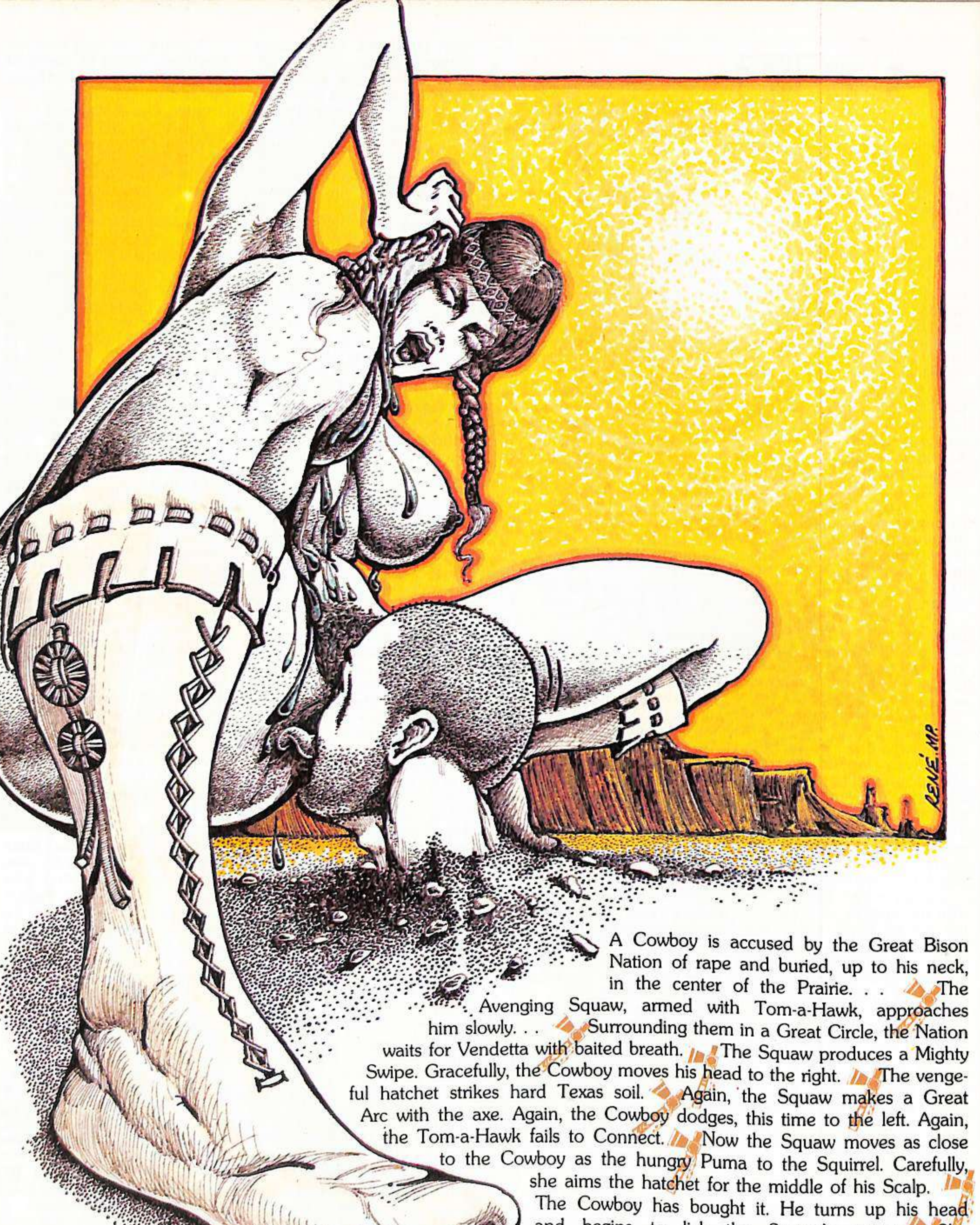
He got on the intercom. "Lonnie, send out for a bunch of food for everybody, and desserts, too. Ice cream and whipped cream, and like that."

The girls continued to work on him as the first ballot was cast and counted.

On TV, Cronkite continued his pitch:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, there has been an unusual and unexplained turn of events here at the Convention today.

(Continued on page 94)



A Cowboy is accused by the Great Bison Nation of rape and buried, up to his neck, in the center of the Prairie. . . The Avenging Squaw, armed with Tom-a-Hawk, approaches him slowly. . . Surrounding them in a Great Circle, the Nation waits for Vendetta with baited breath. The Squaw produces a Mighty Swipe. Gracefully, the Cowboy moves his head to the right. The vengeful hatchet strikes hard Texas soil. Again, the Squaw makes a Great Arc with the axe. Again, the Cowboy dodges, this time to the left. Again, the Tom-a-Hawk fails to Connect. Now the Squaw moves as close to the Cowboy as the hungry Puma to the Squirrel. Carefully, she aims the hatchet for the middle of his Scalp. The Cowboy has bought it. He turns up his head and begins to lick the Squaw's pussy. She drops the Tom-a-Hawk. And from the assembled, encircling nation, a great Cry erupts: "Fight fair, Paleface. Fight fair. . . ."

He shoulda knowed better, especially after she told him her name was Delilah DeLucci, that she came from a long line of barbers and . . . uh . . . hitmen, that she, well, dug his smile. There was something about the glint in her eye that matched the sheen on her trusty straight-edge razor. And when she smiled it was a cross between the way Lucrezia Borgia musta looked after preparing one of her pepperoni-and-poison pizzas and a rutting Sophia Loren.

But he wanted a smart-looking brush cut. Wanted it bad. Went out of his way to this out-of-the-way joint which reminded him eversomuch of Volumetrics, that fabled temple of torsorial splendor where, it is said, maidens flock to have their pubes shorn. He wanted that "I'm-an-account-exec-so-suck-my-cock" look. And Delilah, devil Delilah!, was the one to do it to him.

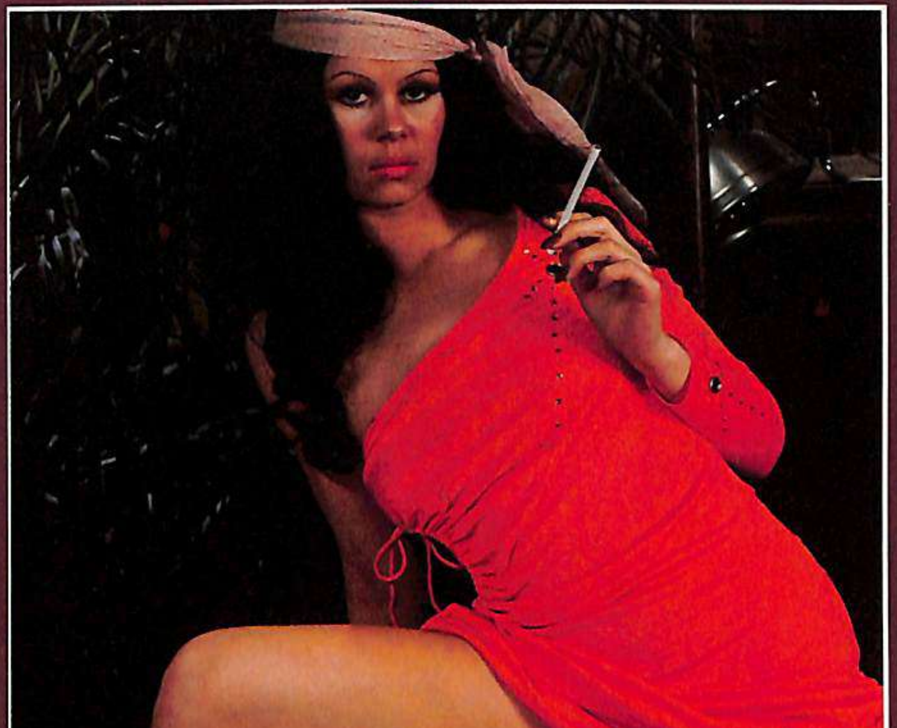
Delilah DeLucci! O what myths those garlic-drenched syllables must conjure. By visage, the demure, compliant slave to shears, bound by custom to do The Man's bidding, to serve as receptacle to his gushing confessions, nail parings, and split ends. The long-suffering, servile, obeisant D. DeLucci, sometime-shrink, sometime-coach, sometime-goddess.

He plops into the chair, grumbles about His Day, The Boss, His Back, grimaces. She coos, soothes, speculates about Catfish Hunter, touts the third at Monmouth.

He whooshes air, relaxes, probes last night's *Cannon*, attacks Moynihan, lampoons his Office Manager. She roars, lays a soft hand upside his brow, snips a lock, steams a towel.

"Why don't you take off your clothes and stay awhle," she burbles, "I'll treat you to Delilah's Deluxe and Delectable shave."

He relents, doffs his duds, sheds nerve-jangling memories of Mortgage, Mother-in-Law, and backstabbing roadmen. Under the maternal press of the facial pack and the incessant kneading



IF A MAN CAN'T TRUST HIS BARBER, WE'RE ALL IN TROUBLE!

THE CASE OF THE KOJACKED COCK

Photographed at Volumetrics Barbering, 56 Irving Place, New York City.

"Just lean back," she told him, softly. "You know I know exactly how you like it cut...."

of Delilah's nimble digits, he passes off to Slumberland.

And while he dreams, the devilish Delilah schemes. A youth passed in servitude to pampered, high-tipping men, a life as Urban Geisha, scraping and shuffling, massaging and suckling, agreeing and praising, grinning and winking, selling and giving. All rising inside her like some immunizing venom. She lifts the long bib and stares at his cock.

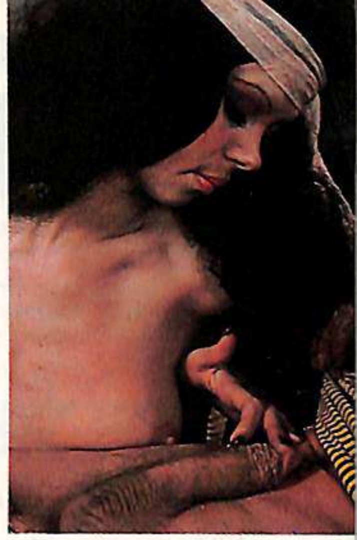
Penisschneid: Phallic envy translated into the dazzling rape they call castration. Delilah wonders at the languid wanger, limp with its daily hassles, nested securely in its wild and weaning bush. To shear it in the image of a Yul or Telly , that's the ticket! To slice oh-so-close to its seat of potency, that's the ticket! To nude it, so it looms alone and proud on the loin of destiny —there's your answer!

And so, while Mr. Mod snores on, the delicate Del plots new avenges on a past of peddling pleasures and pruning orders-giving peacocks. She laves the luscious lance twixt thumb and lotion, menthol biting sharp into the groin. She bares the brazen blade —and in one motion, scrapes thirty years of fur from off its throne!

Our Lord awakes—brought to by icy feel of gleaming steel! He flails in protest, curses,

Does Telly shear his belly? Does Yul shave his tool?

She taught him one sadly vicious lesson, never trust a woman with anything sharper than a shaving brush.



threatens gore. Delilah merely cocks and aims the straight-edge and settles down to swiftly shearing more!

The peril now seems past—for lust has woken. Delilah, in her handiwork, enthralled, finds so endearing all the fears unspoken, it's almost as if she herself were bald!

Hypnotically, she presses on his plunger, a depilated dowel, thick and smooth. And studying in brazenness with wonder, she lets it know the solace of her tooth! No longer threatened by the near of bloodshed, sensing the surrender in her war, Our Hero counts his blessings by the hundred, and sinks into the warmness of her jaw!

The call was close, it came within a hair's-breath, of turning all the tables we've been told. And when a dude like Hero boldly dares death, the victor's cup must sure be made of gold!

DIRTY TRICKS:

(Continued from page 85)

Judy was kissing him all over his ribs and chest, and Connie licked between his toes.

Now that the other girls were present, Micki was more determined than ever to administer a model blow job, even though she had already been at it for more than an hour.

"Because of the mysterious failure of eight leaders of the Kennerly opposition to show up, it seems that the course of the voting has been changed, now tipping the balance decidedly in Kennerly's favor.

"There seems little doubt now that the fence-sitters will go over to Kennerly and his place on the ticket is almost a certainty."

At the good news the jubilant office staff began to put out happy, excited vibrations.

They rubbed and licked and sucked at Kennerly with renewed interest and enthusiasm, for they knew now that their boss was soon going to be the most powerful man in the world. And they were going to be right next to that power, taking it in their mouths, in their cunts, and in their assholes.

Their cunts started to moisten as the excitement built. Kennerly could smell the mingled aromas of the five cunts and he began shoving his pelvis up and down, ramming his stiff tube harder and deeper into Micki's mouth.

It was uncomfortable and somewhat painful for her, but she was determined to keep building until he shot his cummy load into her throat. She knew if she faltered for a moment there were four other bitches right there who were eager and anxious to take her place, that the broads would vie for the honor of drinking the cum of the next President, especially now that Kennerly was getting so close to his goal.

Micki's jaws and lips and tongue had gotten past the point of aching. Now they were just numb. But she knew she had to keep going until he came, however, long that might take.

It was not going to take much longer, not so much because of Micki as because of Walter Cronkite.

His distinguished visage was back on the tube and he was saying:

"Ladies and gentlman, some of the confusion is resolving itself now, and I must say it seems very much as if Kennerly has sewed up the number one spot."

At these words, Kennerly's cock started to throb. He could feel a tremendous pressure and heat at the base. The pleasure of his victory, of his tremendous new-found power was manifesting itself in a warm, pleasurable tingling at the root of his being, which Micki continued to lick and suck for all she was worth.

The sperm from the greatly swollen testicles was gathering now inside the base of the dick, counting down like a rocket, preparing to blast off into space.

Cronkite reappeared on the tube:

"Ladies and gentleman, it's official now, the man we're going to see nominated at this Convention for President of the United States is . . . Senator Bill Kennerly."

Fireworks went off inside Kennerly's head as the jism pumped out of his monstrous pecker into the delicate throat of Micki Burke.

The other girls congratulated him by licking and petting and sucking him all over as he came again and again into Micki's mouth.

"May I clean it up, please?" Connie asked imploringly.

Kennerly grunted "yes" and the beautiful Oriental girl went down on him, cleaning up all the cum and other juices from his cock and around his pubic area.

She licked him carefully, so that when she was finished he was cleaner than if he had been sponged and washed off.

The intercom rang.

"Senator, it's Tom Stone to see you."

"Very good, Lonnie. Send him right in."

Tom Stone was beaming as he stepped into the office. The dirty trickster had achieved the ultimate victory—he had huckstered an entire nation. It looked very much as if he was going to play a crucial role in empowering a new Administration in Washington. He knew Kennerly would reward him with the kind of patronage he had worked towards all these years.

He wondered if he would end up as an Ambassador or a Special Cabinet Assistant or the head of some idealistic-sounding free-spending new Agency or Department.

"Tom," said the Senator, "you delivered. You really delivered and I will not forget it."

"Thank you, Senator, thank you," Tom said modestly.

"To tell you the truth, I had quite a few anxious moments during this project, and I want to give credit where credit is due."

"I don't think I could have done it without Lydia Trask."

"Lydia Trask. I keep hearing about her."

"Oh, they are, they're all true, Senator. She's the best, and they were worth every penny we paid her."

"As a matter of fact, Senator, I promised her I'd introduce her to you, and she's waiting now in the outer office."

"Excellent, Tom, excellent," said Kennerly. "Go on, send them in."

He leaned into the intercom. "Lonnie, would you tell Miss Trask I will see her now."

Even Kennerly was not prepared for the beauty and voluptuousness of Lydia. She was truly a knockout. One sees many pretty girls in New York, but it was hard to believe that these she was really flesh and blood and not the delightful creation of someone's erotic imagination.

Lydia's complexion was like peaches and cream, her eyes were smokey and smouldering. Her ass was perky and perfectly rounded, her breasts large but very firm and high-standing, and her waist tiny and tight.

"Lydia, I am delighted to meet you," he said. "You no doubt know that your efforts last night will be of great benefit to millions of people. If it weren't for you perhaps I would not have made it. As it looks now, however, it seems we will be in Washington soon. And I promise you, if that comes to pass, I will be the greatest President this country ever had."

Kennerly got up and stepped around his desk. His cock was out and fully distended.

"It's time to join the party, Lydia. *ON YOUR KNEES!*"

Lydia sank to her knees and began to tongue Kennerly all over.

Meanwhile, Tom Stone was pumping cum into the mouth of the beautiful Connie while the indefatigable Micki was licking and sucking at his asshole.

"Oh god," he whimpered, "Arrrrrrgggggghhhhhh".

"Don't let any of his jiz get on the carpet," Kennerly said, half-joking.

So Connie swallowed it all down, then cleaned up his cock with her tongue.

"Go on, Tom," Kennerly prodded, "don't quit now. There's still plenty of party left.

Tom was more confident now, with the expression of a schoolboy at Christmas.

"Kim," he shouted, "I want Kim."

Kim walked over obediently, her firm jugs bouncing as she walked.

"On your back and spread your legs," Tom commanded.

As she did so, Tom walked over to the food and grabbed a big gob of vanilla ice cream in his hand.

Then he walked over to Kim and with one motion of his hand slapped the ice cream squarely on her cunt.

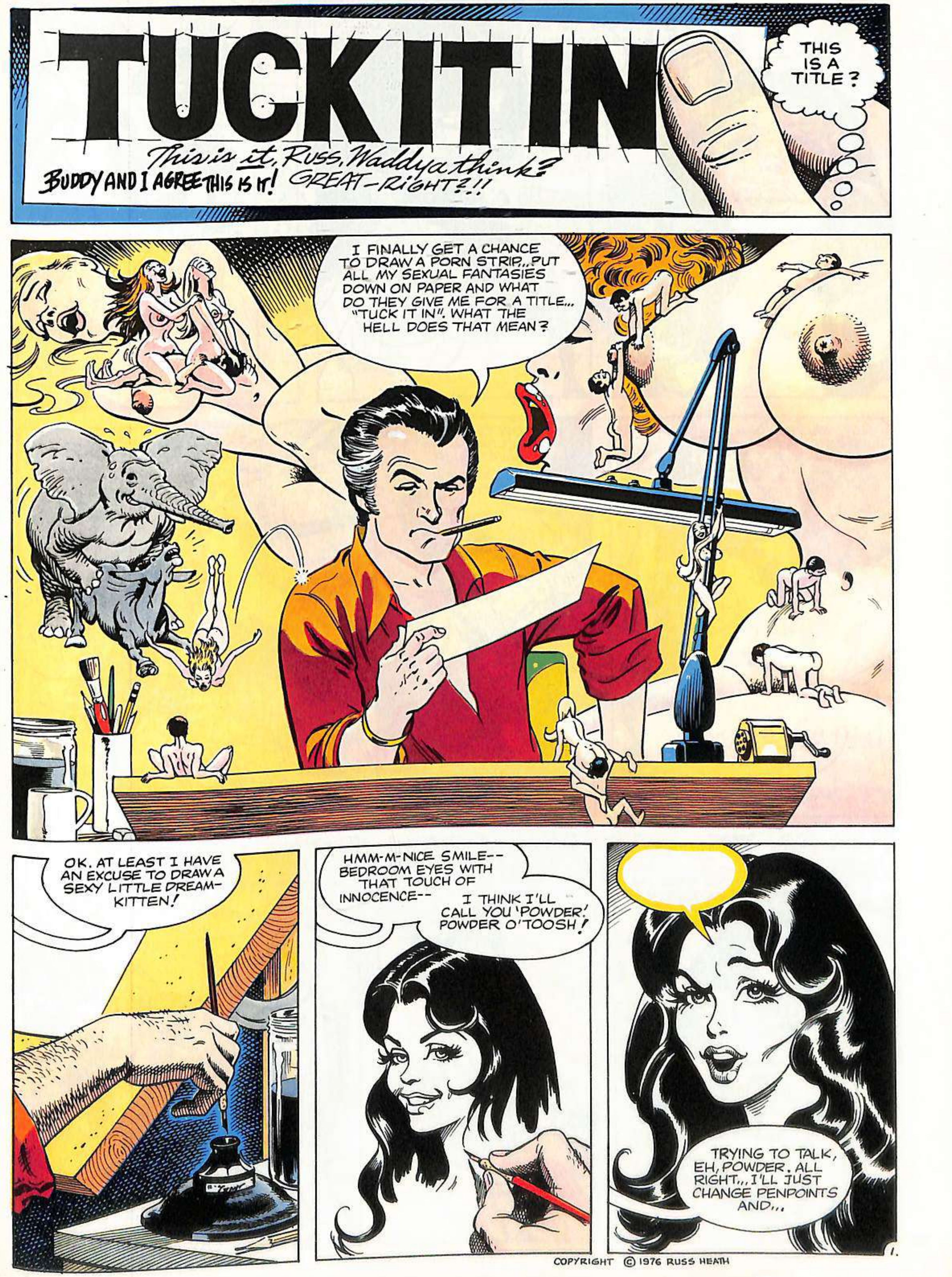
Kim shrieked at the sensation of sudden cold against her pussy. "EEEIIIHHH".

Then Tom dropped on all fours and began licking and slurping at the ice cream, eating it off Kim's pussy.

When he had licked all the white ice cream off the girl's musky-smelling snatch, he proceeded to lick her cunt until she was writhing on the floor. He may not have been much of a lay, but Tom was definitely a good cunt lapper.

Kennerly watched Tom clean up Kim's cunt. The three beauties continued to lap at him, but he knew he wouldn't cum again for awhile.

Nothing else that could happen that day could possibly top the cum he had had when Walter Cronkite announced his name as the front-runner at the Presidential Nominating Convention.


TUCK IT IN
THIS IS A TITLE?
This is it, Russ. Waddya think?
BUDDY AND I AGREE THIS IS IT! GREAT—RIGHT?!!
I FINALLY GET A CHANCE TO DRAW A PORN STRIP,,PUT ALL MY SEXUAL FANTASIES DOWN ON PAPER AND WHAT DO THEY GIVE ME FOR A TITLE... "TUCK IT IN". WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?
OK. AT LEAST I HAVE AN EXCUSE TO DRAW A SEXY LITTLE DREAM-KITTEN!
HMM-M-NICE SMILE--BEDROOM EYES WITH THAT TOUCH OF INNOCENCE--
I THINK I'LL CALL YOU 'POWDER' POWDER O'TOOSH!
TRYING TO TALK, EH, POWDER. ALL RIGHT,,, I'LL JUST CHANGE PENPOINTS AND,,,
1.

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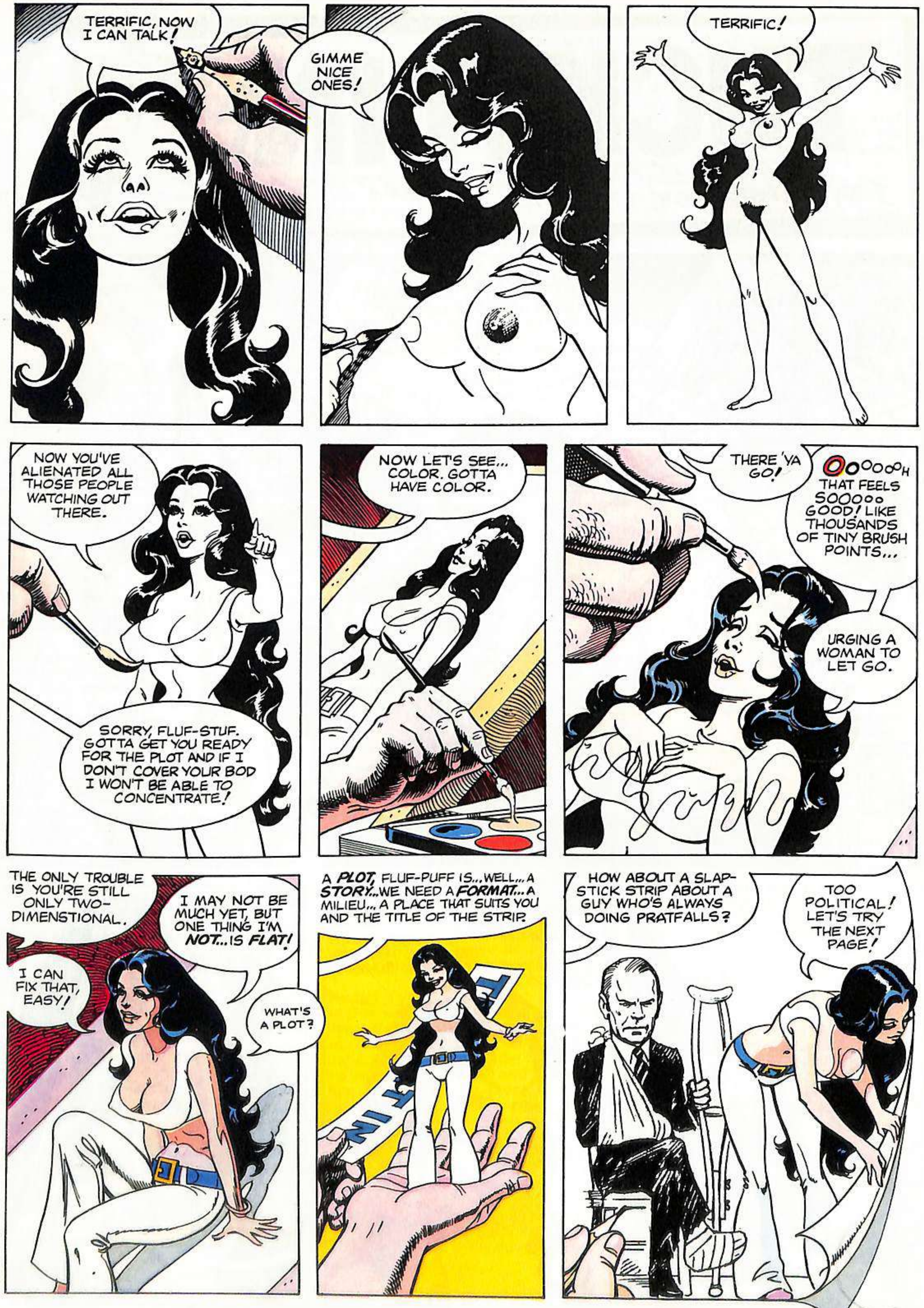
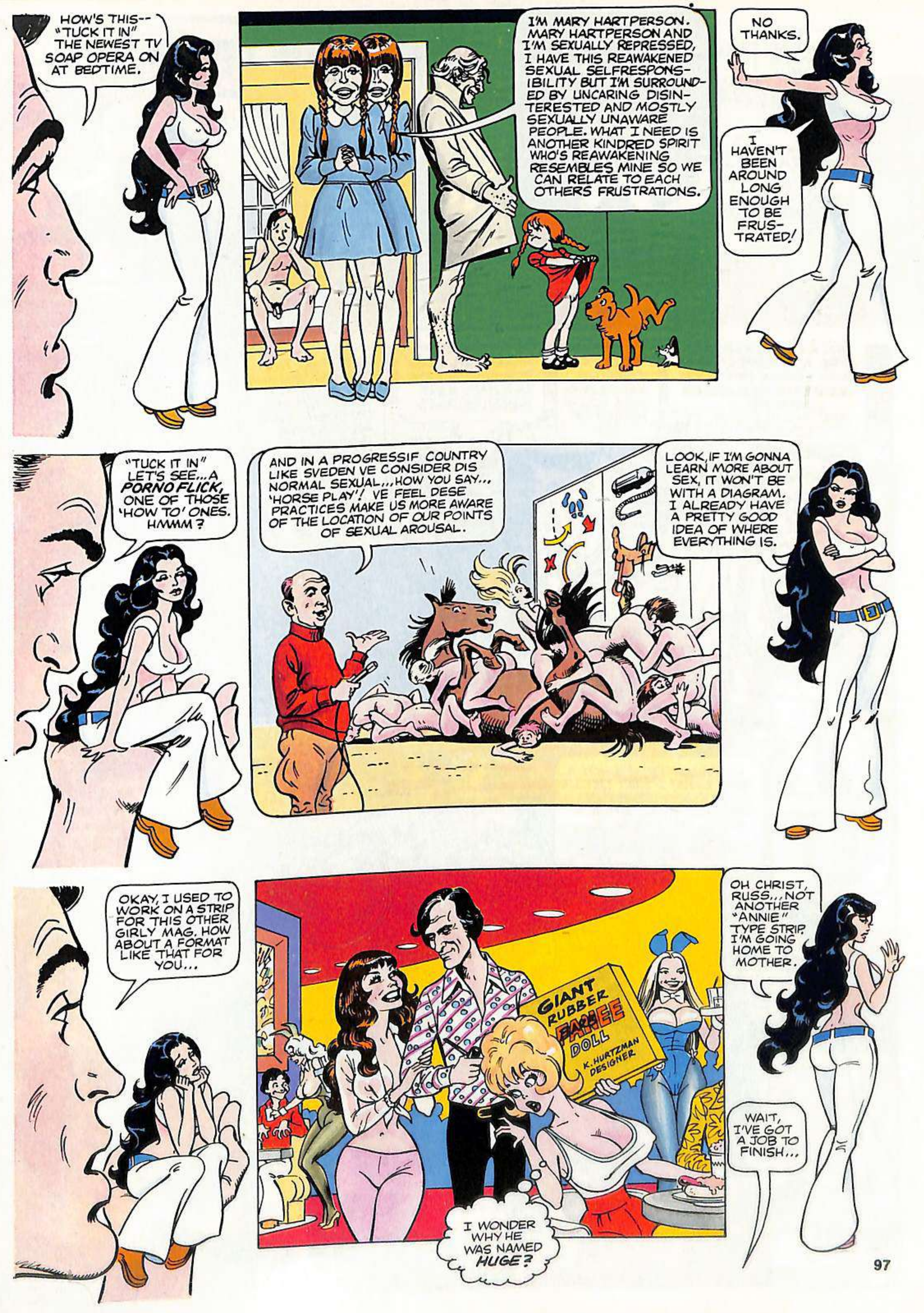
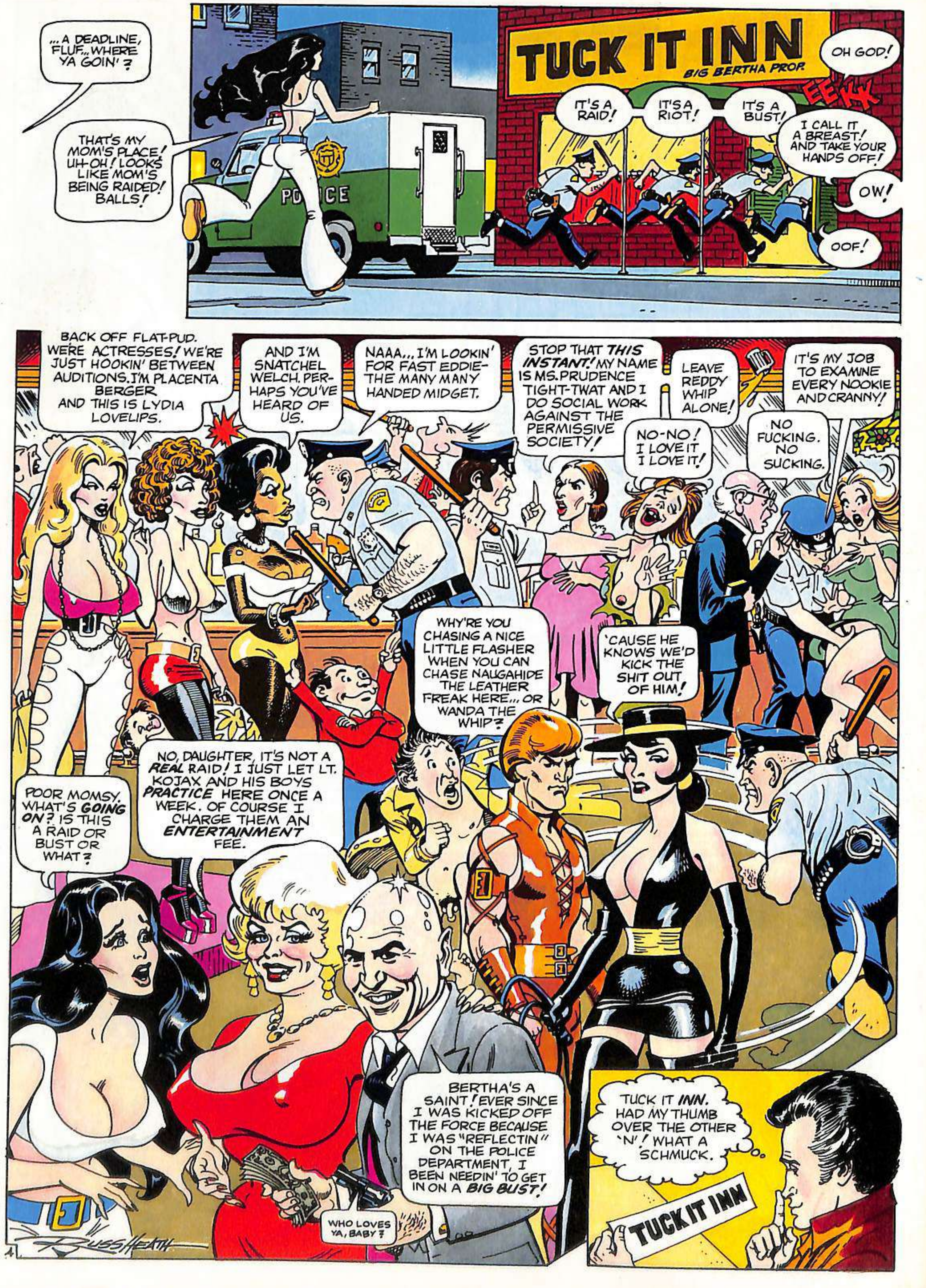

TERRIFIC, NOW I CAN TALK!
GIMME NICE ONES!
TERRIFIC!
NOW YOU'VE ALIENATED ALL THOSE PEOPLE WATCHING OUT THERE.
SORRY, FLUF-STUF. GOTTA GET YOU READY FOR THE PLOT AND IF I DON'T COVER YOUR BOD I WON'T BE ABLE TO CONCENTRATE!
NOW LET'S SEE... COLOR. GOTTA HAVE COLOR.
THERE 'YA GO!
OOOoooH THAT FEELS SOOOooo GOOD! LIKE THOUSANDS OF TINY BRUSH POINTS...
URGING A WOMAN TO LET GO.
THE ONLY TROUBLE IS YOU'RE STILL ONLY TWO-DIMENSIONAL.
I MAY NOT BE MUCH YET, BUT ONE THING I'M NOT... IS FLAT!
I CAN FIX THAT, EASY!
WHAT'S A PLOT?
A PLOT, FLUF-PUFF IS... WELL... A STORY... WE NEED A FORMAT... A MILIEU... A PLACE THAT SUITS YOU AND THE TITLE OF THE STRIP.
HOW ABOUT A SLAP-STICK STRIP ABOUT A GUY WHO'S ALWAYS DOING PRATFALLS?
TOO POLITICAL! LET'S TRY THE NEXT PAGE!


HOW'S THIS-- "TUCK IT IN" THE NEWEST TV SOAP OPERA ON AT BEDTIME.
I'M MARY HARTPERSON. MARY HARTPERSON AND I'M SEXUALLY REPRESSED, I HAVE THIS REAWAKENED SEXUAL SELFRESPONSIBILITY BUT I'M SURROUNDED BY UNCARING DISINTERESTED AND MOSTLY SEXUALLY UNAWARE PEOPLE. WHAT I NEED IS ANOTHER KINDRED SPIRIT WHO'S REAWAKENING RESEMBLES MINE SO WE CAN RELATE TO EACH OTHERS FRUSTRATIONS.
NO THANKS.
I HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND LONG ENOUGH TO BE FRUSTRATED!
"TUCK IT IN" LET'S SEE... A PORNO FLICK, ONE OF THOSE 'HOW TO' ONES. HMMM?
AND IN A PROGRESSIF COUNTRY LIKE SVEDEN VE CONSIDER DIS NORMAL SEXUAL... HOW YOU SAY... 'HORSE PLAY'! VE FEEL DESE PRACTICES MAKE US MORE AWARE OF THE LOCATION OF OUR POINTS OF SEXUAL AROUSAL.
LOOK, IF I'M GONNA LEARN MORE ABOUT SEX, IT WON'T BE WITH A DIAGRAM. I ALREADY HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA OF WHERE EVERYTHING IS.
OKAY, I USED TO WORK ON A STRIP FOR THIS OTHER GIRLY MAG. HOW ABOUT A FORMAT LIKE THAT FOR YOU...
GIANT RUBBER FARCE DOLL
K. HURTZMAN DESIGNER
I WONDER WHY HE WAS NAMED HUGE?
OH CHRIST, RUSS... NOT ANOTHER "ANNIE" TYPE STRIP. I'M GOING HOME TO MOTHER.
WAIT, I'VE GOT A JOB TO FINISH...


...A DEADLINE, FLUF... WHERE YA GOIN'?
THAT'S MY MOM'S PLACE! UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE MOM'S BEING RAIDED! BALLS!
POLICE
TUCK IT INN
BIG BERTHA PROP.
OH GOD!
EEKK
IT'S A RAID!
IT'S A RIOT!
IT'S A BUST!
I CALL IT A BREAST! AND TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF!
OW!
OOF!
BACK OFF FLAT-PUD. WE'RE ACTRESSES! WE'RE JUST HOOKIN' BETWEEN AUDITIONS. I'M PLACENTA BERGER AND THIS IS LYDIA LOVELIPS.
AND I'M SNATCHEL WELCH. PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD OF US.
NAAA... I'M LOOKIN' FOR FAST EDDIE—THE MANY MANY HANDED MIDGET.
STOP THAT THIS INSTANT! MY NAME IS MS. PRUDENCE TIGHT-TWAT AND I DO SOCIAL WORK AGAINST THE PERMISSIVE SOCIETY!
LEAVE REDDY WHIP ALONE!
IT'S MY JOB TO EXAMINE EVERY NOOKIE AND CRANNY!
NO-NO! I LOVE IT, I LOVE IT!
NO FUCKING. NO SUCKING.
WHY'RE YOU CHASING A NICE LITTLE FLASHER WHEN YOU CAN CHASE NAUGAHIDE THE LEATHER FREAK HERE... OR WANDA THE WHIP?
'CAUSE HE KNOWS WE'D KICK THE SHIT OUT OF HIM!
POOR MOMSY. WHAT'S GOING ON? IS THIS A RAID OR BUST OR WHAT?
NO, DAUGHTER, IT'S NOT A REAL RAID! I JUST LET LT. KOJAX AND HIS BOYS PRACTICE HERE ONCE A WEEK. OF COURSE I CHARGE THEM AN ENTERTAINMENT FEE.
BERTHA'S A SAINT! EVER SINCE I WAS KICKED OFF THE FORCE BECAUSE I WAS "REFLECTIN" ON THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, I BEEN NEEDIN' TO GET IN ON A BIG BUST!
WHO LOVES YA, BABY?
TUCK IT INN. HAD MY THUMB OVER THE OTHER 'N'! WHAT A SCHMUCK.
TUCK IT INN
RUSS HEATH

UP AND CUMMING

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ILSA
HAREM KEEPER OF THE OIL SHEIKS
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